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Eli and Tip; Or, "Wanted, an Uncle." The Summer Adventures of Two Greenhorns in New York

By JACK MANLEY.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PLOT PROGRESSES.

"WHAT are you about, Tip?" asked Eli, next morning, as that worthy began covering a table with writing-materials.

"Didn't the landlord say to-morrow was mail-day?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to write 'ome to mother."

While speaking, Mr. Tippins had fished a book out of a bureau-drawer and opened it, and commenced to study it gravely. Looking over his shoulder Eli saw that it was his own guide-book to New York, which he had put in the bureau.

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked.

"Why, to write my letter hout of hit."

"Write your letter out of it?"

"Yes."

"But how?"

"Hisn't hit full of descriptions of New York, now?"

"Yes."

"Telling hall about the city, hand heverythink?"

"To be sure. It would not be a guide-book if it didn't."

"Well, I'm a-going to commence hat the first, hand work right through. Hit will hinterest mother, hand she'll think I'm no 'end of a clever fellow, you see, a-finding hout hall these things like this. So here goes."

And here did go, for by noon the Right Honorable 'Enery Tippins had copied half the guide-book, blackened himself with ink till he looked like a chimney-sweep, and written a letter which cost him just two dollars in postage-stamps.

The only fact in it not taken from the guide-book was the news of his discovery of his cousin.

The idea struck Eli as being such a good one that he, too, went to work preparing a similar epistle for his own admiring parent.

"I'll give them the guide-book till it runs out," he thought, "and then go in for the adventures. Meat comes before pudding at dinner."

They had just finished their respective tasks and cleaned themselves up when Mr. O'Reirdon called.

At his suggestion they paid a visit to Central Park. After worrying the monkeys nearly to death, getting up a fight among the eagles, feeding all the rusty nails they could find to the ostriches, and inspecting the menagerie with critical eyes, they concluded that they had seen enough, and began to feel hungry.

Learning from a sign the location of one of the park restaurants, they set out to look for it. None of the party had noticed a singular fact.

From the moment they left their hotel they had been steadily followed by two men.

These men had ridden to the park on the front platform of the [illegible] they had taken, had entered the park close behind them, and had pursued them in their wanderings there like shadows.

When they went to the restaurant these worthies followed them, and the viands they called for had just been set before them, when the two swaggered in and seated themselves at the next table. One was Captain Thunder, disguised with a heavy mustache and close-cropped dark wig.

It would have taken a more suspicious eye than Eli's to recognize under these coverings the bogus Uncle Gregory Grimball.

His companion was, or rather seemed to be, a little, weazened man of fifty at least, with a nut-cracker face buried in wrinkles, skin as yellow as parchment, a nose that announced a knowledge of strong spirits, and eyes like a ferret's. He wore a raven-black wig, by no means new, and his thin mustache and whiskers were dyed till they were fairly purple.

Altogether, he looked like an old black poodle dog with a bad attack of the mange.

When our friends rose to leave, the captain whispered to his associate:

"Watch your time now, Jim. It's fifty dollars in your pocket, mind, if I can provoke a quarrel."

The other nodded, and as Eli passed him, started up suddenly as if to leave.

In doing so he jostled the member from Cuttyhunk, who was pushed against a waiter, who happened to be passing with his hands full of dishes.

The crockery went to the floor with a crash, and the waiter began to skip around, uttering very lively oaths, while Eli turned on the offender. Seeing that he was an old man, he contented himself by simply saying:

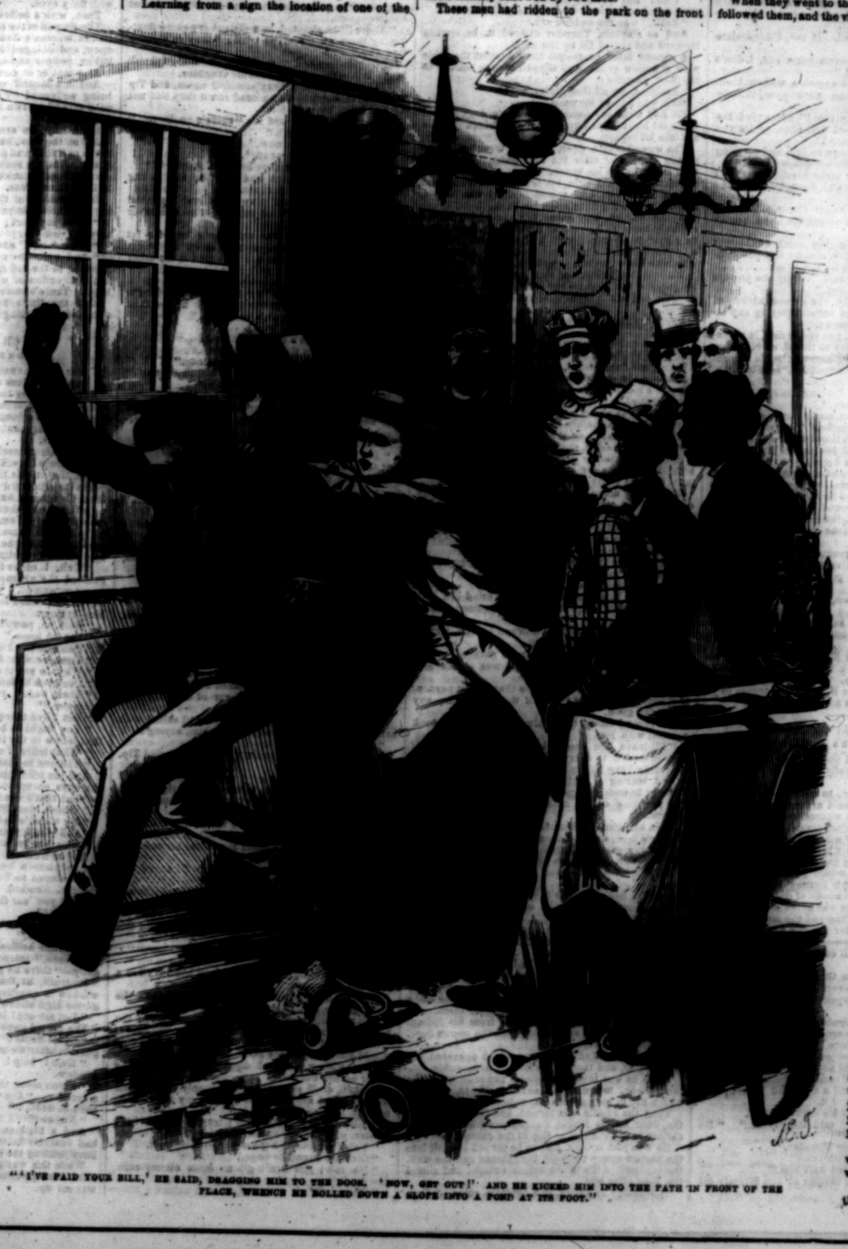
"You might look out what you run against hereafter."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the old man, snappishly. "You young rascal! what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that you're a clumsy old lout," responded Eli, beginning to be irritated; "and if you were twenty years younger I would talk to you."

"Oh, you would, would you? and what would you say?"

"I would do more than I'd say."



"'I'VE PAID YOUR BILL,' HE SAID, DRAGGING HIM TO THE DOOR. 'NOW, GET OUT!' AND HE KICKED HIM INTO THE PATH IN FRONT OF THE PLACE, WHENCE HE ROLLED DOWN A SLOPE INTO A POND AT ITS FOOT."

READ HEMYNG'S STORY, "ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY."

“Well, what would you do, then?”

“I'd cane you for your clumsiness.”

“Is that all?”

“No. Then I would kick you out of doors.”

Here the proprietor of the restaurant came up and demanded payment for his broken crockery.

“As the accident is entirely due to this person,” said Eli, “I refer you to him for payment.”

“And I won't pay a cent,” remarked the other; “it was no fault of mine.”

“Well, somebody has got to pay before you leave this house,” said the proprietor, quietly.

Eli hesitated a moment.

“Well, I can't afford to waste time here,” he said, “so I'll pay it. How much is it?”

“Five dollars.”

The money was paid, and as the landlord returned to his desk, Eli seized the grinning old cause of the affair by the collar.

“I've paid your bill,” he said, dragging him to the door. “Now, get out!”

And he kicked him into the path in front of the place, whence he rolled down a slope into a pond at its foot.

A minute later Eli was tapped on the shoulder, and turning, confronted Captain Thunder.

“Well, what do you want?” he demanded.

“I want you,” replied the man, with well-studied coarseness.

“Couldn't you get along with somebody else?”

“No, I couldn't. It's you I want.”

“Indeed. And may I ask what procures me that honor?”

“The person you have just insulted is a friend of mine.”

“I don't doubt it. You make a nice team.”

“You have insulted him grossly. He is not able to cope with you, but I am. I demand satisfaction for him.”

“You don't say so!”

“Here is my card.”

“And what am I to do with it?”

And Eli twisted the formidable bit of pasteboard the man thrust in his hand carelessly between his fingers.

“Read it, if you can read. If not, I'll translate it for you.”

“Thank you. But, between ourselves, I don't think it's worth the trouble.”

And tearing the card into fragments, without looking at it, he threw the remnants contemptuously into the owner's face.

“What do you mean by that?” demanded the captain, in a voice smothered with rage. “Do you hear me? What do you mean?”

Eli fixed on his face a glance so firm and piercing that, bully as he was, the fellow quailed before it.

“I mean that I know as many blackguards as I want already,” he said, “and do not care to add you to the list.”

With an exclamation of anger Captain Thunder started forward a pace and raised his hand menacingly.

Eli never moved a muscle, but quick as thought Barney stretched out a paw, sinewy and powerful as a giant's, and seized him by the wrist.

“Aisy, ye spalpeen,” he said, “or by the powers of Moll Kelly I'll pulverize yez.”

Suppressing a furious oath, the person addressed wrenched his arm free, and without paying any attention to the Irishman, hissed:

“You are brave enough, you young dog, in an unequal fight. You are ready to thrash an old man, and talk boldly enough with your friends around you, but you dare not confront me, man to man, alone.”

“Don't I?” cried Eli, flushing hotly. “Name your time and place, and see.”

“With pleasure,” and the man's face lighted with a triumphant fire as he spoke. “At ten to-night come to the Globe saloon in Broadway. Ask for Captain Thunder, and mind, if you're not there, I will cowhide you the first time I meet you, even if you are surrounded by a regiment of friends.”

With which braggadocio the speaker made a sign to his companion, who had got out of the pond and stood watching the scene from a discreet distance, and taking his arm, the pair swaggered off.

“Well, now, you 'ave done hit,” remarked Tip.

“Done what?”

“Why, made a fool of yourself.”

“It's not the first time I've done that.”

“But har you really ha going to fight that man?”

“Why not?”

“Hand without witnesses, too?”

Eli smiled quietly.

“Look here, Tip,” he said. “No man, woman or child ever called me a coward yet; and darn me if any ever shall.”

“Thrue for ye, Master Eli,” cried Barney, dealing him a slap on the back for encouragement that nearly ruptured his spine. “Yer me own bye, an' the ould Horney ketch me if any harm comes to ye while Barney O'Reirdon's aloive.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

As no arguments could dissuade Eli from his purpose his friends finally ceased to apply them to him.

They got him, however, to consent to one thing.

That was, that they should accompany him to the place of meeting, whose whereabout they had ascertained, and wait for him outside.

If he did not reappear within a certain time they were to enter and seek for him.

A precaution which he took on his own part was to purchase a revolver, which he carefully loaded.

It and a dagger, which Barney insisted on his taking, constituted his weapons of defense.

At five minutes to ten he was at the Globe saloon—the same at which we witnessed the meeting of Mr. Potts and Captain Thunder the day before.

The bar-room was crowded with people, and it was some time before Eli could find out where the proprietor was.

Then a waiter led him through a long passage, on which the doors of several rooms in which men were playing at cards opened, into a large apartment in the rear.

The place was richly furnished, and fitted up with tables, and all the paraphernalia of games of chance.

There were faro lay-outs, roulette-wheels, keno-drums, and other queer objects, whose purpose Eli, ignorant as he was, could not but divine.

A door opened on this room opposite the one by which he had entered, and a dandified person, in a dress-suit, stood in front of it.

“Dar's the boss,” said his darkey guide.

“You can go, Pete,” said the “boss.” “Do you wish to see me, sir?”

“I want to see Captain Thunder.”

“What do you want with him?”

“I have an appointment with him?”

The man started and looked at him intently for a moment.

“Are you the gentleman he expects?” he then asked.

“I am.”

“Then follow me, please.”

And turning abruptly, he touched a knob in the wall.

Almost immediately an electric bell on one of the tables rang sharply.

“He is inside,” he said. “Come this way.”

And he opened a door which gave on a room, which, in spite of long neglect and abuse, still presented many traces of past splendor.

The walls were paneled with oak, dark with age, and relieved by tarnished gilding, and a great fireplace yawned in one wall.

Old mahogany sideboards and cabinets lined the others, and a table, covered with a heavy damask cloth, stood in the middle.

At this table, finishing the remains of a hearty supper, washed down with wine, sat Captain Thunder.

“The gentleman you expected, captain,” said the landlord, meaningly.

“All right. Show him in.”

And Eli Skillings crossed the threshold.

At a sign from the captain the landlord withdrew, and the two were left alone.

Face to face, the boy with his frank, gallant bearing and his clear bright eye, and the adventurer and ruffian with his dissipation-distorted visage and his bleary glance, eyed one another for a moment in silence.

Then Captain Thunder said, with a covert sneer:

“So you did come, after all.”

“I generally do what I promise,” was the quiet reply.

“I didn't think you would muster up courage enough to meet me again, though.”

“All people are not such cowards as —”

“As who?” interrupted the bully, quickly.

“As you.”

“You call me a coward?”

“I do. But enough of this. You defied me to meet you here alone. I am here. What next?”

“This!” was the sudden cry.

And as Captain Thunder uttered it, he sprang forward and seized Eli by the arm.

A second later he reeled back against the table with a hollow groan, and slipped thence heavily to the floor, gasping:

“Stabbed, by all that's infernal!”

Such was indeed the case.

Eli had kept his hand on Barney's dagger, and when the bully leaped upon him, had driven it to the hilt into his breast.

The wound was a deep one, it is true, but by no means fatal, and after the first pang, the injured man struggled to his knees.

Before he could gain his feet, however, Eli had sprung upon him and seized him by the wrists, forcing him to the floor upon his back.

As he did so, our friend felt something in the ruffian's hand, and wresting it from him, found it to be a sponge saturated with a liquid which exhaled a powerful and somewhat sickening odor, and which he knew, or felt, somehow, was chloroform.

Without hesitation, and in spite of his struggles, he pressed the sponge against Captain Thunder's nostrils, and in a few seconds the latter was unconscious.

Then the boy released him and explored the room.

All he found in it was a sword-cane, which had evidently belonged to the now unconscious bully, and a little glass finger-bowl, half full of chloroform.

Soaking the sponge in this, he bound it over the captain's mouth and nostrils with the victim's own handkerchief.

Then he was about to open the door when something on the wall before him made him pause.

This something was the fact that a panel was slowly slipping aside, pushed back by a man's hand.

Springing into the great fireplace, dragging the insensible bully after him out of sight, Eli crouched in its furthest angle and waited.

The panel moved back and disappeared in the casing of the wall, and a black opening was revealed.

In this opening appeared a figure, at sight of which Eli gave vent to a cry of amazement.

It was Mr. Peter Potts.

The cry caught that personage's ears, and stepping into the room, he said:

“Is everything fixed, captain?”

“No; but it will be in a minute,” cried Eli.

And he sprang upon his enemy and seized him by the throat.

Like a flash the truth had dawned on him, almost as fully as the reader knows it.

The quarrel in the park was part of a plot against him, of which Peter Potts was at the bottom.

His first desire was to strangle that young person, and put him out of the way of doing any one any harm, for good.

But second-thoughts are always best, and he took counsel with his.

“I'll leave him here,” he said to himself. “If they intended to carry me off, as I think they did, they may have him in my place.”

And tearing a portion from the table-cloth, he adroitly bound and gagged Mr. Potts, who, under the pressure of his strong fingers, had become senseless.

Then he bound a broader strip across the foiled plotter's face, so as to conceal the features.

This was scarcely accomplished, when a noise in the passage by which Mr. Potts had entered warned his conqueror that others were approaching.

Leaping back into the fireplace, he waited.

Two rough-looking men entered the room, one after another.

They looked around for a moment till their eyes lighted on the prostrate Mr. Potts.

“There he is,” said one.

“Quiet as a lamb,” remarked his companion.

And, seizing Mr. Potts by the shoulders, he motioned to his associate to take him by the heels.

The latter obeyed, and the two carried the body into the passage, closing the panel after them.

As they vanished, Eli emerged from his hiding-place and endeavored to force open the secret door.

In vain, however.

He could not find the spring which operated the mechanism, and the wall remained immovable.

While he was thus employed a rap sounded on the room door, followed by several others, none of which Eli, in his excitement, noticed.

Then the handle was turned, and the creaking of the door on its hinges warned our friend to seek shelter in the shadow of one of the cabinets.

He was just in time, for, as he forced himself into the narrow space between the cabinet and the wall, the landlord of the Globe saloon entered and closed the door after him.

“Captain,” he called, in a cautious voice—“Captain Thunder! Where are you? Haven't you finished that child off yet?”

“No!” shouted Eli. “But that child will finish you.”

And before the astonished publican knew what had happened to him, our hero had bounded upon him and felled him to the earth with a tremendous blow between the eyes.

Then, ripping the rest of the table-cloth into strips, Eli bound him hand and foot in a labyrinth of knots, beside which the famous Gordian knot would have been child's-play.

“So much for you,” said the boy, rolling the helpless form into the fireplace. “You're safe for a while, at least.”

And with a last contemptuous kick at the bound publican, the speaker left the room, locking the door behind him with a key which he found in the lock.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CORNER IN HOT-CORN.

“The next time you catch me in such a scrape as this, make a black mark against my name.”

And Eli Skillings drew a long breath as he found himself on the sidewalk, where his friends were impatiently awaiting his reappearance.

They lost no time in effecting a change of base, Eli relating his adventures as they walked along.

“It's a wonder I got out at all,” he said. “By Jimminy Jarvis! I expected every minute to be pursued.”

“Dash me hif you aren't!” cried Tip, stopping short.

“Nonsense!”

“Honly 'ark to that!”

“To what?”

“To what! Why, bless my 'eart, man, don't you 'ear hit? There hit goes hagain.”

Barney and Eli stared from their comrade to one another, as if they thought he was going crazy.

As for Tip, he presented a picture of the utmost consternation.

“There!” he shouted, as a distant cry came floating by them on the night wind; “they're coming this way.”

The Irishman and the pilgrim from Cuttyhunk broke into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

At the same time the cry sounded again, and Tip would have started off at a dead run if they had not detained him by main force.

“Why, you idiot,” said Eli, “there's no danger.”

“Hisn't there, though?”

“Not a bit. Listen, now.”

“I've 'eard hall I want to.”

“Well, take another dose for good measure.”

And the sound which had startled the young Englishman so rang out again.

It was certainly long drawn out and mournful enough to astonish almost any one who had never heard it.

But, for all that, it was only the voice of a fat colored woman, who was coming down the street with a bucket on one arm and a tin pail in the other hand, calling:

“Hot c-orn! H-o-t c-o-o-o-rn!”

“Faith, Masther Tip,” observed Barney, laughing, “av ye niver hear worse-maning noises than that in yer loife, ye needn't be scared.”

“But what is hit?”

“I'll show yez in a minute.”

And he called to the hot corn woman.

“The top of the avenin' to yez, aunty.”

The woman stopped and demanded, sharply:

“Who's dat you calls aunty, Irish?”

“Faith, who but your charmin' self?”

“Look yar, now,” said the hot-corn vender, setting her burdens down; “I'se wan't you to understan' one ting, sar.”

“Wid plasure, ma'am.”

“I'se no aunt ob yours.”

“Arren't ye, now?”

“An' I'se not a-gwine to stan' no 'sultin' digressions from no furriner in dis yer world.”

“You seem to be down on foreigners, ma'am,” observed Eli, politely.

“I-is, massa; I'se down on Italians till I can't rest.”

“What's the Italians been doing?”

“Doin'? Why, dey's been a-spilin' ob de business, dat's what dey's been doin'.”

“That's bad.”

“It'll be wuss for any ob dem I ketches runnin' opposition to me, massa, I tell yer.”

“Well, there's none here, so give us some corn. You see my friend here?”

“Of course. An' a han'some young gemman he am, too.”

“Well, he's never eaten a hot-corn in his life.”

“Sake's alibe! Sech ignerance am surprisin'.”

And the hot-corn woman stared at Tip in no little wonder, as she prepared an ear of her succulent delicacy for his consumption.

When it was buttered, peppered and salted with artistic accuracy, she handed it to him, saying:

“Dar you am, sah.”

“Hand what ham I to do with hit?” queried Tip.

“Eat um.”

“How?”

“Wid you mouth, sah. Chaw de corn right off de cob, sah, same as you was chawin' somebody's ear, sah.”

By this time Tip perceived where the milk was concealed in the cocoanut, and went to work, while the woman prepared similar feasts for his companions.

“Well, what are you doing, now?” asked Eli, glancing at his friend.

“Heating my 'ot-corn. I say, though, hold fellow.”

“What?”

“Don't you think hit's rather stale, you know?”

“Stale? why, it's the freshest corn I've had this long while.”

“The houtside's all right, I dessay.”

“What ails it, then?”

“It's the kernel. That's has 'ard hand dry has a chip hof ma'ogany.”

And Tip held up the cob, which, after eating the corn-kernels, he had commenced to devour also.

This exhibition of ignorance fairly paralyzed the hot-corn woman.

She looked at Tip for a moment with eyes that would have made very good hat-pegs.

Then, with a snort of disgust, she slapped the cover on her bucket.

“Dat'll do,” she said. “I'se only a poor ole woman, but I ain't a-gwine to feed my hot-corn to no sech ignerant trash as dat.”

“'Elle! I say, hold lady; try to be ha little politer, you know,” expostulated Tip.

“Yah!” ejaculated the negress, in disgust.

“Give me hanother hear.”

“No, sah; you don't git no more ob my corn, you don't.”

“Why not?”

“'Cause youse not fit.”

“I'm not fit?”

“No, sah. You wants dat common Italian corn, you does. Dat's de sort foh such trash as you.”

“Oh, come, now,” interposed Eli. “Don't get your ear up, aunty. He don't know any better, you know.”

“I nebber see a Britisher dat did,” snorted the corn-woman. “Dey's de lowest down, clean gone, ignorant white trash born in de marsh I ebber hearn tell on.”

“Well, if they are, you ought to be willing to teach 'em better.”

“I'll be dashed if she teaches me,” interjected Tip, angrily. “I don't want hany nigger like that to teach me.”

“Who you calls a niggah, young man?”

“Why, you.”

“Me!”

“Yes, you.”

“De Lord hab mussy! Me a niggah!”

“Well, you haren't ha Chinaman, har you?”

“You mizzable, low-down, Inglish trash!” yelled the hot-corn woman. “I'se teach you to consult a 'spectable cullud pusson, I does.”

And she hauled off with her corn-bucket and aimed a powerful blow of it at Tip's head.

Luckily Eli was quick enough to jerk his friend out of the way, as otherwise he would have undoubtedly sustained a fracture of the skull.

As it was, the top came off of the bucket, and the corn scattered far and wide over the street.

At the same moment one of the Italian corn-venders for whom the negress expressed such contempt turned the corner.

And thinking this too good an opportunity to replenish her stock without cost to be neglected, the frugal daughter of Sunny Italy at once set to work gathering the scattered corn up, wiping the mud off on her dirty apron and jamming it into her bucket.

The boldness of this manœuvre so staggered the sable speculater in hot-corn for a minute that she could only stare at her hated rival in silence and with fishy eyes.

Then, with a bellow of rage she leaped at her.

The tin pail in the negress's hand descended on the Italian woman's head with a force that burst it open, and deluged her with an unctuous stream of butter, pepper and salt.

As a matter of course, she struck back.

And in a second more the hot-corn business was being enlivened by a fight which would have done no discredit to two such bruisers as Jem Mace and Joe Coburn.

Meanwhile, an army of street-boys, who, at the noise of the row, had suddenly appeared upon the scene as if they had grown up through the pavement, gathered in the scattered remnants of the two hot-corn women's stocks-in-trade, and stole softly away to feast themselves.

In the middle of the row, the sudden, loud booming of a bell rose on the air.

“Bless my 'eart; they're calling hout the military!” cried Tip.

“It's a foire!” exclaimed Barney.

“And over toward our hotel,” ejaculated Eli, pointing to the red glare, which now lighted the sky in the direction of which he spoke. “Come along, boys. There's more fun there than here.”

And the three friends started at a run for the scene of the conflagration.

CHAPTER XXV.

A DREADFUL SELL.

It was not far enough to the fire for our friends to run themselves out of breath.

For, on turning the second corner, they found the flames bursting from the front windows of a house fronting on Washington Square.

The reader can perhaps infer what particular house it was.

Should his natural perspicuity fail him, however, we will state here, and so relieve him of further suspense, that it was Lambert's Hotel.

The usual crowd one finds at a New York fire filled the streets, kept back by a line of policemen.

In the space thus left free, the laboring firemen rushed to and fro among the clanking steam-engines, while vast streams of water spurted from the big hosepipes into the flame-spouting windows and against the crackling wall.

“Well, I never!” gasped Tip, when he distinguished the character of the building which was being consumed. “If hit isn't hour 'otel!”

And he pushed forward till a policeman collared him, crying:

“Hold on, now.”

“Let me loose,” cried Tip. “I want to pass.”

“Don't be in a hurry. You've got plenty of time.”

“Time for what?”

“Why, to see the fire.”

“I've seen henough of hit already.”

“Then, hadn't you better make room for somebody else?”

“But I live there.”

“You ought to be glad you ain't dying there, like that fellow in the top room.”

“What feller?” cried Tip, in consternation.

“The one in that room.”

And the officer pointed to the window of the room the boys occupied.

“But that's hour room.”

“Whose room?”

“My friend's and mine.”

“And who's your friend?”

“This 'ere gent.”

And he hauled Eli Skillings—who had been watching a leak in a hosepipe gradually grow wider, till it threatened to burst and drown every one in the vicinity—forward.

“Did you 'ear that, Eli?” he cried.

“What?”

“There's some one locked hup in hour room.”

“Nonsense.”

“But the hofficer says so.”

“There,” interrupted the policeman, triumphantly—“there he goes again.”

In truth, at this moment there rang from the window in question a cry so loud and piercing that it rose high above all the noises in the street.

“Let me out! let me out!”

The crowd gave vent to a groan of horror.

“Great Scots!” cried Eli; “some one must have gone in after we left, eh?”

“Help! help! Let me out!” came from the window.

“Fetch along that hook and ladder now,” yelled a fireman. “Are you fellows going to let the man burn to death?”

“No, no!”

And a hook-and-ladder truck rumbled up and had scarcely halted before a score of hands were busy jointing the long ladder together.

While this was going on another truck appeared from the opposite direction, and a second ladder was set up.

At the same time a commotion rose among the police guarding the line.

“What's the matter there?” called the excited foreman, sharply.

“It's a fellow wants to get through the lines,” replied a policeman.

“Put him out.”

“But I demand to come in,” squealed a loud, shrill voice. “A human life is in danger, and I demand to save it.”

And a dried-up little man shoved the policeman aside and came out inside the line.

He had an immense bundle on his back, which he dumped on the ground.

Unpacking it, he began to put on what appeared to be a Boyton bathing-suit, made out of thin sheets of iron or steel, so delicate as to be flexible.

Even the firemen setting up the ladders stopped work to eye this proceeding in amazement.

“What's that?” asked one.

“I'm all right, boys; don't you worry,” said the little man, with a knowing wink, as he hauled on a pair of cast-iron pants. “I'm solid, you bet, in my patent fire-repeller and flame-armor, I am.”

“You're all wrong, you crazy loon!” exclaimed the foreman. “What are you going to do in that rig?”

“Go into the house.”

“Through the fire?”

“Yes, through the fire.”

“Not if I know it.”

And he seized the little man by the collar, crying:

“If you get a chance to make roast lunatic out of yourself while I'm around, you'll know it, new.”

And in spite of the little man's struggles, which made his unique attire clatter like sections of stove-pipe, he handed him over to a policeman.

The cries from the room had all this time been kept up with undiminished vigor, and some one in the crowd now exclaimed:

“There! while you fellows are fighting the poor devil up there is being roasted alive!”

“That's so,” yelled another. “They'll never save him.”

“Then I will!” cried Eli.

The crowd turned to see who had spoken, and gave vent to an exclamation of amazement.

They saw our friend already half way up the trunk toward the first branch of a great elm-tree in the park opposite the hotel.

Before they had time to cheer him he had gained the branch and vanished in the foliage.

A minute later he appeared, crawling cautiously but quickly out on a limb whose scorched end almost brushed the front wall of the burning house, just over the window upon which all attentions were centered.

The quick eye of the member from Cuttyhunk had observed this branch, and his ready brain had comprehended what use he could make of it at once.

Cheer after cheer from the mob below encouraged him.

And he really needed encouragement.

The wind blew the smoke from him, but showers of sparks rained down in a fiery deluge, pattering among the foliage like drops of that rain of sulphur which once destroyed Sodom.

The fire was still confined to the two lower floors, leaving the one he was aiming at yet untouched.

But the heat of the vast oven came through the stout walls in a scorching blast, and from the streams of water playing on them rose a dense, scalding steam.

As the legions of dancing sparks drove by him, stinging his cheeks when they struck like hot needles, Eli closed his eyes and crept forward blindly.

At last a warning shout rose from the street.

The swaying of the branch informed him that he had gone out as far as he dared, and he opened his eyes.

He was about three feet from the window, and the branch, bending beneath his weight, brought him about to the level of the sill.

A warning cracking told him he had no time to lose, and he reached out with one hand and clutched the sill.

Not a minute too soon.

The branch which had supported him broke just as he released his hold on it, and left him swinging by his hands to the window-ledge.

It required little effort of his strong arms to raise him till he could get his knee on the sill.

Then he rolled into the room.

The apartment was full of smoke, but at the sound of the newcomer's entrance a shrill, harsh voice from a hidden corner called:

“Let me out! let me out!”

“Where the blazes are you?” demanded Eli, scrambling to his feet and rubbing his eyes, which smarted from the smoke.

“Hi! hi! hi! Shut up!” called the voice.

“Do what?”

“Dry up! Cheese it!”

“Well, I'm darned, but you must be crazy,” gasped Eli.

“You're a liar!”

“I'm a what?”

“You're a fraud! You're a beat! You're a thief! You're a double-dyed, humpbacked, knock-kneed——”

Eli broke in upon this string of choice phrases with a roar of laughter even the peril of his position could not repress.

The condition of affairs was indeed absurd.

He had risked his life to save the parrot, for it was Polly's voice which had thrown the crowd and himself into such a ferment of sympathetic horror.

“Ho! ho! ho!” screeched Poll. “Hit him again; he's got no friends! We've had a high old time!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

MIXING THINGS UP.

“WELL, are you folks going to wait till the fire goes out?” called a voice from the window.

Eli, who had groped his way into the corner in search of Polly, looked around.

One of the ladders had been raised and a fireman had ascended to the window.

“Is he alive yet?” asked the man.

“Well, I sort of believe so,” responded Eli.

“You sort of believe?” repeated the man, indignant at such heartlessness.

“Yes.”

“And why don't you find out?”

“It isn't worth the trouble.”

“Well, bust my crust!” gasped the fireman, “if you ain't the most heartlessest boy I ever see.”

“I am, eh?”

“Yes, you are. A puffect adamant.”

“You lie!” croaked Polly, who was getting tired of having nothing to say. “You lie!”

“Young man,” observed the fireman, solemnly, “have you parents?”

“I have.”

“And do you love them?”

“I do.”

“And they love you?”

“I hope so.”

“Well,” and the speaker began to handle some heavy object he had behind him, “I am sorry for you both.”

“Cheese it! cheese it!” growled Polly; “you're a fraud. You're a——”

The intelligent bird got no further.

The fireman, already out of temper at the insults he believed Eli to have leveled at him, now lost his patience entirely.

“I'll show you if I'm a fraud,” he shouted. “Turn on, down there.”

Almost as he spoke a tremendous stream of water from the hose he had brought up with him struck Eli in the face.

Any one who has ever observed the size of a stream from a fire-hose, and the force with which it is projected, can imagine what happened.

Eli was knocked clean off his feet, and thrown stunned into a corner.

Polly received only enough of the shower to make her mad, and flapped about in her cage, calling her assailant every name she could lay her tongue to.

The fireman, firmly persuaded that the abusive epithets came from Eli, was out of his senses with wrath.

He forgot all about the burning house, and occupied himself with pouring a steady stream into the smoky corner whence the offensive verbal attacks proceeded.

This attracted attention from the street at last, and the foreman sent a man up to investigate.

The latter shinned up the ladder without delay, and demanded of his comrade, who was so absorbed in his task that he did not notice his approach:

“Why don't you get out in the hall and get a stream on the fire?”

“Because I don't want to.”

And a thunderous and rushing sound, like a cataract broken loose, echoed forth as the heavy stream played into the corner of the room where Eli was.

“What are you wasting water that way for?” cried the newcomer.

“If you knowed what I do you wouldn't call it wasting water.”

“But there ain't no fire there!”

“No, there's something worse.”

“What?”

“Why, a goll-dumped skunk, with no more heart in him than a brickbat.”

“Who do you mean?”

“The young fellow that climbed up the tree.”

“And what's he been doing?”

“Nothing, and that's the trouble. He's just been a-leaving the pore devil that was here smother to death.”

The newcomer uttered a sharp exclamation.

“Where is the man, anyway?” he asked.

“I don't know.”

“And you've been here nearly five minutes and haven't found out?”

“Darn it, so I have,” exclaimed the other. “I'm blamed if I ain't a bigger fool than I thought.”

“I should think so. Where's the young fellow?”

“Over in the corner there.”

“Is it him you've been watering?”

“Yes.”

“But what for?”

“Oh, because he was cheeky and impudent.”

“You're a liar!” called the weak voice of half-drowned Polly. “You lie, you lie, you know you lie!”

“Do I? Well, I'll just show you.”

And the insulted fireman, forgetting himself again, made a blind dash through the smoke.

His companion heard him trip over something, and then came a crash and a wild screeching, which sounded like nothing human.

Groping his way forward, he found him rolling on the floor, clinging for dear life to a battered bird-cage, from which the sounds proceeded.

Beside him was the insensible form of Eli, almost drowned by the water which flooded the floor.

Supposing this the person whose cries for help they had heard, the fireman dragged him to the window and summoned help.

It came quickly, and Eli was sent down the ladder to the street.

At the moment he reached the street, a wild cry rose below.

“Come down!” shrieked countless voices. “The wall's going to fall!”

The fireman needed no second warning.

He had witnessed too many catastrophes of this sort not to have a proper respect for them.

“Down with you!” he cried.

And seizing his comrade, who had come forward at the cry, he forced him on the ladder.

No time was lost in following him, and it was well that such was the case.

Their feet had barely touched the street when there was a loud, splitting, rending sound, that rose above the noise of the conflagration.

A second later a great zigzag fissure appeared in the wall of the house.

It extended quickly from top to bottom, and with the light of the fire shining through it, looked like an immense fiery serpent.

With a cry of fright, firemen and spectators started back.

“Bring the man!” yelled some one.

A dozen hands seized the water-soaked mattress, on which Eli Skillings, still insensible and blackened to unrecognizability by smoke, was extended.

As they bore the body through the lane, the crowd opened for its passage, and a voice cried out:

“But where's the other?”

“What other?” rose on every side.

“Why, the young fellow that climbed the tree.”

“Great heavens!”

“He must be there yet!”

“He saved this man and is burning himself.”

And a roar of horror, like the angry noise of a Winter sea, rang through the trees of the park.

Tip, who, hemmed in on all sides, heard this awful news without being able to help his friend, even had such a move been possible, gave vent to a groan of anguish.

It was drowned by the loud report of the bursting walls, which broke asunder and toppled, in a burning ruin, into the street.

A cry, faint but shrill enough to be plainly audible through the tumult, caught every listening ear.

“He's gone!” said one of the throng, solemnly.

“Poor fellow!” said another.

“He was a brave one.”

“Brave! He was a hero.”

“Hello! What's up now?”

There was a commotion, and then the crowd broke away, leaving a little circle, in the middle of which a human figure lay.

“It's a young Englishman just gone and fainted,” said a policeman.

It was Tip, whose grief at his friend's horrible death had proved altogether too much for him to bear.

So for once he forgot that he was not a woman, and assumed the feminine privilege of expressing his woe by becoming unable to express anything at all.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TIP AND THE POLICE.

ELI, meanwhile, was being swiftly conveyed to the nearest police-station.

There an ambulance was waiting, and in it he was sent rattling off to Bellevue Hospital.

As the ambulance drove off a little group of people approached the station-house, carrying a limp and inanimate figure between them.

They bore this shape up the steps and into the room, where they laid it in front of the sergeant's desk on the mattress from which Eli had just been removed.

So poor Tip shared the couch of the friend for whom he was mourning, without knowing it.

“What's the matter with this one?” demanded the sergeant, while one of the men applied restoratives. “Does he come from the fire, too?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And what ails him?”

“He's had a friend burned up.”

“Good gracious! Has there been a man burned there?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you know his name? I say, young gent.”

And he fixed his eyes on Tip, who had just sat up and commenced to think he was alive, after all.

“Can you talk?” he asked.

“Of course,” responded Tip, faintly. “I ham not speechless.”

“You're not far from it, anyway. What is your name?”

“'Enery Tippens.”

“Where born?”

“Hengland.”

“What part?”

“London.”

“How old?”

“Rising seventeen.”

Here Tip, who had been mildly and politely answering all the questions, while the sergeant jotted his replies down on the blotter, stopped short.

“I say,” he said, eying the book, suspiciously; “I 'aven't done hanythink, you know.”

“Who says you have?” demanded the sergeant. “I don't, for one.”

“But hisn't this a station-'ouse?”

“It is.”

“What ham I doing 'ere, then?”

“You were brought here.”

“What charge was made haginst me?”

“What charge?”

“Yes. You don't harrest people hin Hamerica for fun, do you?”

“Why, you must be crazy.”

Tip's hair began to rise on end, and his blood chilled with horror.

In his mixed-up condition he construed the reply of the astonished sergeant into the information that he had been arrested on a charge of insanity.

As he had a very dim recollection of what had happened at the fire after Eli had left him, he did not know what grounds his actions might have given for the supposition that he was demented.

And as he had read of the arbitrary and outrageous actions of the New York police, in every day's papers since his arrival in the city, he fancied at once that he, too, was going to undergo one of the dreaded ordeals he had heard so much about.

For a moment he stood paralyzed with fright.

Then, to the amazement of all hands, he hauled off with both fists and planted a tremendous blow on the nose of each of the two policemen, who, in view of his late faintness, had stood by, after assisting him to his feet, ready to support him in case he should be again overcome.

The men tumbled head over heels, and their assailant made a dash for the first open door he saw.

This, instead of leading into the street, as he had expected, was the entrance to the dormitory, where the officers slept.

The dormitory was a large room, with a row of camp cots down each wall, and one in the middle.

A number of windows lighted it, all, with one exception, being barred.

The exception was a ventilating window high up in the wall at the far end of the apartment.

There were several officers asleep on the beds.

Tip bounded clean over the first cot, as neatly as Black Bess jumped over the costermonger's cart on the famous ride when she carried Dick Turpin to York.

His toe, however, grazed the nose of the sleeper, who sat up suddenly with a snort.

At the same time, the officer in the next cot, aroused by the noise, rolled over until his outstretched hand had accidentally touched his neighbor.

Now these two officers had an old crow to pick with one another.

And the one whose proboscis had been so rudely assaulted naturally supposed that the attack had come from his foe.

Consequently, and without a preliminary warning, he proceeded to resent it by a blow on the same organ which had suffered in his own case.

The assailed policeman struck back, and the two grappled.

All this happened so swiftly that Tip had just reached the lower end of the dormitory when the policemen fell to fighting at the other extremity.

The young Englishman saw at a glance that, unless he had been a rat, or some other similar small deer, he could not have squeezed himself out of the barred windows.

For a moment he was dismayed.

Then his eyes lighted on the ventilating window, and he uttered a cry of delight.

A policeman, who had been lying on a cot directly under this window, was roused by the cry, and jumped up.

As he did so, Tip, who had leaped up to the edge of the bed, bounded thence to his shoulders.

And before the human ladder knew exactly what was happening, the panic-stricken Englishman had jumped from his shoulders to the ledge of the ventilating window.

The force of his movement sent the policeman rolling on the floor, and added to the confusion of the fight and the noises made by the crowd, who had, by this time, sufficiently recovered from their astonishment to come in pursuit.

The dormitory was only dimly lighted, and very naturally the sight of the struggling figures on the floor suggested the idea that one of them was the fugitive who had been arrested in his mad career.

Thanks to this mistake, Tip, perched high upon the window-sill, remained unobserved.

He knew he could not remain long undiscovered, however.

His only hope, then, was to get out of the building.

He had not the slightest idea where the road would lead him, but he clutched the window-sill and hung for an instant suspended outside.

Then he let go.

And before he had time to count five, tumbled plump into a huge water-butt which stood directly under the window.

Happily for him, the butt was nearly full, so his fall was broken, and he rose to the surface, and grabbing the edge, easily pulled himself up.

Dark as it was, he could still faintly distinguish the outlines of buildings all around him.

He had fallen into the yard of a house fronting on Greene Street, the station-house being on Mercer.

As he appeared on the edge of the barrel a big dog, somewhere in the darkness of the yard, began to bay furiously.

Tip was in a quandary.

Pursuit from the station-house was inevitable, and he dared not stop where he was.

“I'll give the dog ha chance,” he said to himself.

And he dropped into the yard.

At the noise he made the dog came bounding at him, barking like mad.

As he threw himself upon him, Tip gripped his throat with both hands.

At the same time he heard a voice in the station-house call:

“He must have got into the yard. There's the dog barking.”

“He won't bark hany more,” muttered Tip.

And exercising all his strength, he swung the dog over his head and dropped him into the water-butt.

The animal began [illegible] about and howling dismally, but without paying any attention to him, Tip ran across the yard.

He reached a door in the house, and was about to try it, with the faint hope that it might be unlocked, when it was opened from the inside.

A man appeared on the threshold, attired in a nightshirt, with a lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other.

“What's all the noise here about?” he asked, hoarsely. “Who's here, anyhow?”

“I ham.”

And as Tip spoke he sprang forward and dashed the lamp from the questioner's hand.

Then hurling him aside he leaped into the house.

The man gave vent to an oath, and seeing a figure in the station-house window, fired at it.

The figure dropped into the water-butt, where a vicious snap and a yell of agony announced that the dog had fastened on it.

Tip, meanwhile, stumbling along a passage as dark as a wolf's mouth, had found a door with a key in the lock.

A single twist shot the bolt back, and he pulled the door open and looked into the street.

Not a soul was in sight.

He found himself on the high stoop, with nothing between him and freedom, of a house, and without waiting for further news from the seat of war, he set out at a dead run, as fast as his feet would carry him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHINESE QUESTION DISPOSED OF.

THE sound of voices and the rapping of clubs against curbstones and lamp-posts announced to the fugitive that some, at least, of his pursuers were still in chase.

In fact, the sergeant had dispatched a couple of men to scour the street outside of the station-house, in the event of the flying youth's making his way out.

Not that he entertained any particular grudge against Tip, but the latter's actions had really made him believe that he was insane, and he feared something might happen to him, and desired to put him out of harm's way till he could communicate with his friends.

So what Tip believed was malevolence was really simple kindness of heart.

The fugitive did not know this, however, and fear lent him wings.

He had progressed a couple of blocks at a speed which would have done honor to a fast mail-train, when he ran against a man who was standing at a street corner.

As he ran with his head down, and the man's stomach was the portion of his anatomy directly in the way, the consequences were painful.

At least, to one of the party.

The man doubled up with a grunt of agony and rolled into the street.

But as he did so he fastened his fingers in Tip's hair.

“Ye murtherin' villun!” he gasped. “Lord save yer sowl, take that!”

And he dealt his assailant a box on the ear which made his head ring as if Trinity chimes were playing a carillon inside of his skull.

“Ho, don't,” he cried; “you 'urt.”

“I hope I do,” returned the other. “Thry another dose.”

“Dash hit hall!” shrieked Tip; “you'll burst my skull hopen!”

“Not much, ye omadhaun. It's too soft.”

While he was speaking the stranger was raining a shower of blows down on his victim, which resembled the strokes of a sledge-hammer.

Suddenly, however, he stopped.

Their movements had brought the two in range of the light of a street-lamp, whose glare revealed Tip's features.

It was at the sight of these features that the man ceased that fistic exercise which the young Englishman found so distasteful.

Then he exclaimed, in accents of boundless surprise:

“Thunder an' turf!”

At this familiar expletive Tip looked up.

“What!” he cried.

“Jest so,” returned the other.

“Can hit be?”

“It is.”

“Barney!”

“Masther Tip!”

“Well, may I be 'anged!”

“No, sor. You may club the thick head off of me if ye plaze, though sure I niver knowed who ye wor.”

“I don't suppose you did. But what har you doink 'ere?”

“I've been lookin' for you, divil a less.”

“For me?”

“Yis. Sure I missed sight of yez at the foire, 'an I've been huntin' hoigh an' low for yez iver since. But where's Masther Eli?”

Tip staggered back with a hollow groan.

“Eli!” he gasped.

"Sure nothing's come to him?" cried the Irishman, anxiously. "Where is he, anyway?"

"Dead," responded Tip, hoarsely.

"Dead?"

"Burned at the fire."

Barney staggered back against a house-wall, and for an instant remained speechless.

Then the noise of trampling feet down the street seemed to recall him to himself.

Before he could speak Tip seized him by the arm.

"They're after me," he said.

"Who?"

"The police."

"An' what for?"

"I'll tell you when I've got time. Hif we stop now you'll find hout without me."

"Let's give 'em leg bail, thin."

And side by side they cantered off.

Barney knew the district well, and he led his young companion up one street and down another, until he believed they had fairly baffled pursuit.

Still, as a matter of precaution, he drew him into an alleyway, a species of passage leading from the street into a rear court among a lot of tenement houses.

"Now, thin," he said, "I'll not be able to walk a fut further till I hear all about it."

Thus adjured, Tip related what the reader already knows; or at least what the reader knows he knew.

Barney listened with growing excitement, and at last fell heavily back against the wall of the alley, overcome with grief.

"Oh, wirra! wirra!" he cried. "Sure I'd rather it had been me than him."

"Hand me, too," said Tip.

"'Twas a rash thing for him to do."

"And has brave as hit was rash. But what's the matter?"

He had seen Barney stagger and clutch at the air.

Then, to his amazement, the Irishman tumbled backward out of sight, while a dim glow of light suddenly shone where he had been standing.

Barney had been leaning against a rickety door, which had finally given way under his weight.

And tumbling down a couple of low steps, he plumped on the head of a Chinaman, who was stretched on a bench in a very little apartment, with a pipe with a long stem and a very little bowl in his mouth.

There were half a dozen other Chinamen squatted and stretched about the den.

All were smoking the same queer-looking pipes, and a blue vapor, with a heavy, headachy odor, filled the place.

"Good gracious?" cried Tip. "What's this?"

"It's an opium den, bad cess to that same," responded Barney, scrambling to his feet. "Sure, here these haythens sits all noight a-suckin' in stupefaction till they goes bloind, bad luck to 'em. Arrah, it's ruined by Chinese chape labor we are, anyway."

And he dealt the nearest Mongolian a vigorous kick

One and all of the smokers were altogether too stupefied by their narcotic to resent any intrusion.

They only stared at their uninvited visitors with moon-eyed amazement.

After a momentary survey of the place and its inmates, Barney's face expanded into a broad grin.

"The yaller haythens," he said, "only luck at 'em. Did yez ever see the loike?"

"They certainly are a queer-looking lot," replied Tip.

"They're the scum of the earth, the moon-eyed lepers—that's what they are, an' if I don't get aven wid 'em now for takin' the laundry business out of the hands of me faymale compaythriots, I'll give up."

"But what the deuce har you going to do?"

"Faith, I'm goin' to have some fun wid 'em."

"How do you mean?"

"Wait a bit an' see for yerself," replied the Irishman, who had approached one of the Mongolians "How are ye, John?"

The person addressed honored the speaker with a leery look from his half-closed eyes, and mumbled something unintelligible.

While he was speaking, Barney was tying his long pigtail to that of his neighbor.

So sodden were both victims that neither seemed to notice the movement.

On another bench three of the countrymen of Confucius were stretched with their heads close together, and these the Irishman fastened in the same fashion.

In the course of the operation they began to recover consciousness, the brief effects of the opium passing away.

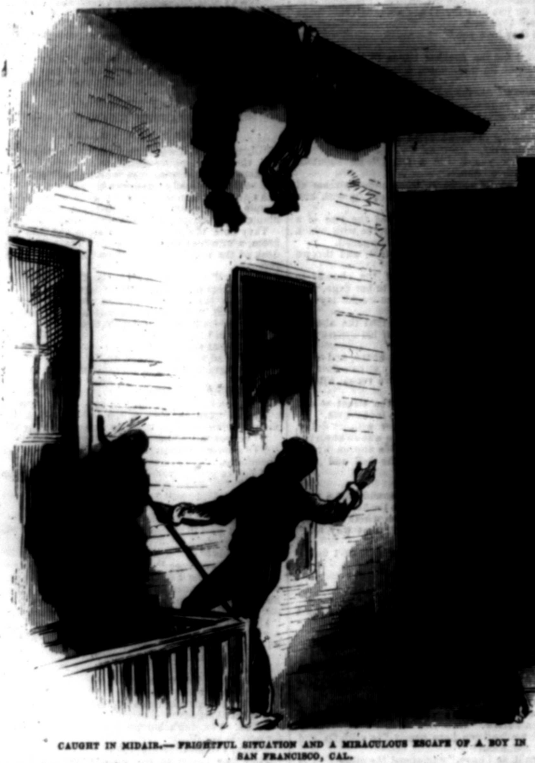
Taking the long tail of the old fellow over whom he had stumbled, Barney placed the end in one of the trio's hands.

As soon as his fingers felt it they closed on it mechanically, and he rolled partly over.

The old man, who was lying close to the edge of his bench, was dragged off by this movement, and fell heavily to the floor.

The crash partially aroused the companions of the fallen man.

Then, catching up a tub of water which stood alongside of the door, Barney dashed its contents over them, accompanying the assault with an unearthly yell.



CAUGHT IN MIDAIR.—FRIGHTFUL SITUATION AND A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A BOY IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The noise and the deluge of cold water effectually restored the sleepers to themselves, and they sat up suddenly.

The effect of this movement was to send the three rolling on the floor, where they struggled, yelling and cursing one another in the choicest Chinese.

The other two, who were tied together, began pummeling one another with the fury of prizefighters.

Barney viewed the tangled Celestials for a minute with an expression of much satisfaction.

Then he said:

"Faith, I'm not Mr. Denis Kearney, but I know how to dale wid the Chinase question, anyway."

"How's that?" asked Tip.

"By cuteness, Masther Tip, loike the fox in 'Rory O'More.'" [To be continued.]

"Eli and Tip" was commenced in 669.

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CONNECTICUT INGENUITY.

THE latest development of Connecticut ingenuity consists in training dogs to howl nocturnally under neighboring windows, and to fetch home the boots and shoes thrown at them. It is said that there are several canines of such sagacity that they will not leave until they get properly assorted pairs.

CONNECTICUT INGENUITY.

◆

CATCHING FOXES.

A CORRESPONDENT in Poughkeepsie sends us the following: A family of foxes lately domiciled themselves in a neighborhood near New Hackensack and made frequent sad depredations on the poultry-yard of the farmers in that vicinity, carrying off turkeys, ducks, geese, lambs, etc. The farmers, becoming annoyed at such proceedings, declared war upon the intruders, and arming themselves with spades, pickaxes, crowbars and rifles, sallied forth to the attack. Having dug for some time, encouraged only by signs of the enemy, such as the wings and bones of poultry, muskrats, etc., they at length found two young foxes, and concluded the others had made good their escape, but upon searching further they discovered a ravine in which they captured the old one and eight more young ones, and secured them all alive. One or two are still preserved as trophies, the others were dispatched, and the victorious party returned home in triumph, well satisfied with their morning's labor and the prospect of future safety to their property.

CATCHING FOXES.

◆

CAUGHT IN MIDAIR.

IN San Francisco, one afternoon, a boy about eleven years of age, while crawling along the leads of a house on Third Street, near Bryant, for the purpose of clearing the obstructions in the water-pipes, slipped and rolled over the edge of the roof. In his desperate efforts to save himself he succeeded in grasping the raised edging of wood and tin that bordered the roof, and so hung, suspended by his hands, forty feet above the street, utterly unable to regain his footing. The accident was witnessed by a woman on the opposite sidewalk; and her screams brought at once to her side three men, who saw with horror and amazement the predicament of the poor boy, who without a cry or struggle, was hanging over certain death, with only the frail grasp of his weak hands. They ran across the street into the house and up-stairs toward the attic, when, as they reached the second story, a sudden thought struck the last man, and he let his companions go up without him. Underneath where the boy was hanging is a small, old-fashioned porch, which projects out about three feet from under the centre window of the second story, and out of this window the woman on the opposite side of the street, and those with her, saw a man step on to the porch and look up. As he stood he was immediately under the boy, but too close to the house for his apparent purpose, the boy hanging just over the railing; he stepped over the latter, and with his feet resting on the edge of the platform of the porch and one hand grasping an iron support, he waited. In the meantime, the other two men had reached the roof, and were descending, when they discovered the impossibility of reaching the boy in safety, and one of them called for a rope. Before any one could move to the aid of the exhausted boy, he, with a shrill cry, let go his hold and fell. As he approached the man on the porch, the latter was seen to reach out his free arm under him, and then the boy was grasped by him. A cry of horror went up from the crowd as the man was seen to stagger and swing around the end of the porch with his load; but his hand held its grip on the iron, and a moment afterward he carried the boy through the window and turned him over to his mother, who had only just realized that something was wrong. The name of the man whose presence of mind enabled him to save a life, and whose courage made him forget the risk of losing his own, is Campbell Williams.

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Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN SPIKE, KEDGE ANCHOR AND VANGS.

IT was a relief to Rob when the tug landed him near Fulton Market, and he was at liberty to go in search of the pier at which the ship he wanted was lying.

The oystermen, rough and blunt as they were, spoke a few kindly words to him, wishing him luck.

It was early morning.

Most citizens were slumbering in their beds, but in that busy part of the city business had already commenced.

Men were buying and selling, others were awaiting arrivals of fish, expecting the price to go down as the supply became more abundant, and others were eating and drinking at Dorlon's.

Rob thanked his kind friends for the service they had rendered him, and asked his way to the dock at which the *Armadillo* was lying.

He found her at last.

She was a fine two-masted vessel.

A boy, a little older than himself, dressed as a sailor, was standing outside a saloon, and to him Rob addressed himself.

"Is that the *Armadillo*, if you please?" he said.

"Suppose I don't please, what will her name be then?" answered the sailor-boy.

"I am only asking for information."

"What are you willing to pay for it?"

"The price of a glass of beer," replied Rob.

"You couldn't hire me to drink beer this time of the morning."

"No?"

"Before breakfast, too!"

Rob walked on.

"Here! I say, you galoot!" cried the sailor-boy. "What's the matter with you? I didn't say I wouldn't drink whisky."

Rob turned back again.

"I'm afraid I misunderstood you," he exclaimed. "If you won't quizz me any more I'll pay for what you want."

"You're just the kind of a belaying-pin I've been looking for," replied the boy.

He led the way into the saloon and ordered something to drink, while Rob paid for it.

"Where's yours?" asked the boy, turning his pale-gray eyes upon him.

"I don't want any," replied Rob.

The boy immediately threw the contents of his glass on the floor.

"That's too thin!" he exclaimed, in a tone of displeasure.

"What did you do that for?" asked Rob.

"You don't suppose I called you in here to sponge upon you for a drink, do you?"

"I didn't know."

"Oh, it's too gauzy! I called you because I liked your rig, and, having nothing to do just then, wanted some one to talk to."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Kedge Anchor."

"What?"

"Kedge Anchor. That's my only name."

"It's a funny one," said Rob.

"It's the best they could give me, any way. I was born at sea, in the steerage of an immigrant vessel. My mother died; no one knew my father's name, and as the captain took charge of me he christened me Kedge Anchor."

"Oh!" ejaculated Rob.

"Have you any fault to find with it?"

"None at all."

"What are you gaping at, then?" asked Kedge Anchor.

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure, if I have offended you," said Rob, who rather liked his new acquaintance, though as yet he did not quite understand him.

"Now let me give you a word of advice," said Kedge.

"What is that?"

"When you ask any one to drink again don't leave them to drink alone, and put down your money as if you were doing it out of charity."

"I didn't."

"Didn't what?"

"Ask you to drink."

"Eh?"

"You asked yourself," said Rob.

At this reply Kedge Anchor could not help laughing.

"Well, I like your cheek," he said. "You're the sassiest country squash ever I see."

"How do you know I'm from the country?"

"How do I know?"

"Yes."

"By the cut of your jib. You've got the rig of a New Jersey wrecker."

"We're not wreckers down there," said Rob, indignantly.

"Spotted!" said Kedge. "I can tell as well as here and there, oh, what countryman a fellow is. Well, have a drink with me and call it square."

"Can I have lemon soda?"

"Take soda, if you choose."

The glasses were filled, and they wished each other their respects, after which Kedge cooled down and became more friendly.

"What do you want with the *Armadillo*?" inquired Kedge.

"To see the captain," answered Rob.

"Do you know the master?"

"Yes."

"What is his name?"

"Spike."

"Do you know Vangs?"

"No; who's he?"

"First officer," said Kedge Anchor. "Oh, he's a beauty to sail under. Vangs lets you know how things are made lively."

"Is that so?"

"I'll bet yer," replied Kedge.

"When do you sail?"

"We hoist our Blue Peter at twelve, noon?"

"To-day?"

"Yes, siree."

"My!" exclaimed Rob; "I wonder if I could go with you?"

"We might ship you as an oiler."

"What's that?"

"Cook's assistant, or something of that sort. You wouldn't be rated on the ship's books."

"I'd like to work," said Rob. "Is it a good ship?"

"Pretty fair. This is how we stand on the register," replied Kedge:

"Ship's name and official number—*Armadillo*, 55,315, bark; F. & Y. M.—that's felt and yellow metal; C. T., copper trenails or bolts; master, F. Spike; tonnage, 325; dimensions—length, 125-1; breadth, 25-1; depth, 12-6. Built by Redhead, of Philadelphia, 1868; owners, Redhead & Co.; belongs to the port of Philadelphia; port of survey and destined voyage, Baltimore; A. and C. P.—that's anchor and chain proved at public machine; years assigned, 15; character for hull and stores, 2 F., or found to be second-class on survey, but in good and efficient condition and fit for the conveyance of dry and perishable goods on short voyages. Date of last survey, November, '68."

"You seem to know all about it," said Rob.

"I haven't been to sea for nothing. I'm not a sucker," replied Kedge.

"If I'm aboard a ship I want to know all about her, and the why and wherefore of everything. It seems to come natural to me, too."

"Come on board with me, and I'll take you to the skipper."

"Is he up yet?"

"Up! I guess he is. We've been working all night taking in cargo, for if we don't sail we shall be under demurrage."

"What's that?"

"I think it's an underwriter's term."

"Who are they?"

"The fellows who insure the vessel. What a fool you are to what I am!" said Kedge. "You see, we have agreed to sail at a certain time, and if we don't, we shall have to pay so many dollars for every day we're behind."

He led the way to the dock, and took Rob Rollalong on board the *Armadillo*.

Captain Spike was standing amidships, giving orders here and there, and superintending the lowering of dry goods into the hold by means of a steam crane.

"Morning, Captain Spike!" cried Rob, removing his cap.

"What, Rob, my young friend, is that you?" replied the captain.

"Yes, sir."

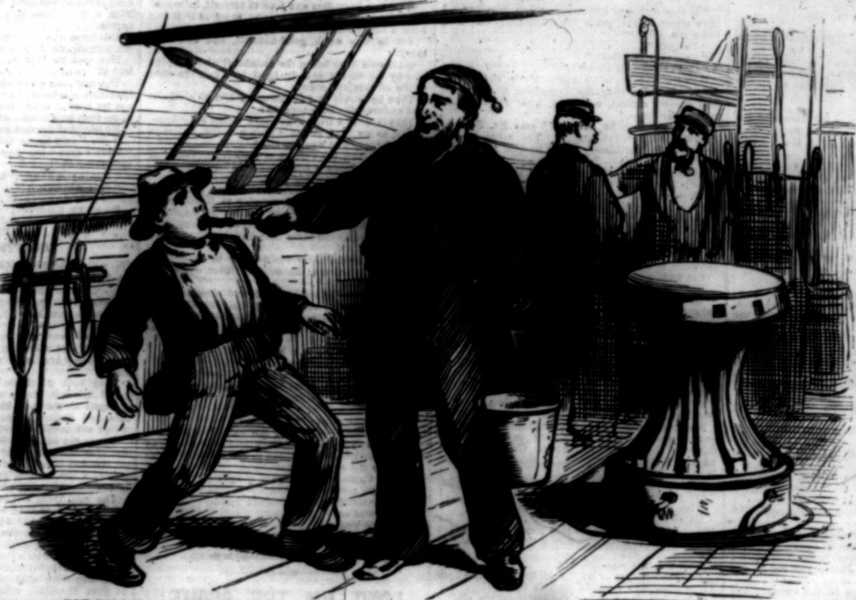
"What wind brings you here?"

"It's an ill wind, captain."

"How?"

"I can't explain matters to you, but I've left Amboy, and I want to know if you'll take me along in your ship?"

"H'm! I don't need you, and that's a fact."



ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"ROB ROLLALONG STOOD OPEN-MOUTHED AND LOOKED AT THE BELLYING CANVAS, WHEN A SAILOR PUT A TAR-BRUSH IN BETWEEN HIS TEETH."

"I'll do anything you like to set me to, sir," exclaimed Rob.

"Go and ask Kedge," said the captain. "If there is any work he'll tell you. Hi! Kedge!"

The boy approached.

"Can you put this youngster on anything?"

"Shove him into the galley, sir. Make cook's mate of him, and he can lend a hand as loblolly boy when there's anything to be done."

"Good enough!" we'll ship you. It's only a short voyage up the Patapsco, but I suppose all you want is to see what a sailor's life is like, eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied Rob.

"How's your father and mother?"

"Quite well, sir."

"That's right. My, how you grow! It seems only yesterday that you weren't higher than my knee. Run along with Kedge. Good boy is Kedge, and keep out of my way, as I'm mighty crowded to-day."

The captain was too busy to think much of Rob's arrival, and couldn't spare time to ask any questions.

He merely regarded him as the son of an old friend, and thought that he had got into some trifling scrape in the village which induced him to wish to go on a cruise.

Spike was a good sailor, but an easy-going man, fond of his beer and his grog, which, however, he never allowed to interfere with his duty.

He had been acquainted with Rob's father ever since he was a boy.

Indeed, they grew up together, and were at the same school; so it is not surprising that he evinced an inclination to assist the youngster when he made his appearance.

The captain had been a bit of a scapegrace himself in his young days.

In fact, he "knew how it was himself."

But at the same time he had no idea that Rob had committed the serious offense of manslaughter.

If he had, he might not have been so ready to assist him.

Kedge led the way to the galley, or caboose, where the cook held his headquarters.

The boy was in his shirt-sleeves and white duck pants, shirt-collar unbuttoned, with a black tie carelessly knotted round his broad, sunburnt throat.

Rob thought he looked every inch a sailor.

And so he did.

His manly, bold, independent face glowed with health and spirits.

Everybody liked the child of the sea.

Kedge Anchor was a general favorite. If any one had not liked him he could take his own part, for he was ready with his fists, and had an answer for every one.

Rob was something like him in manner and appearance, but he wanted the easy, gay air and the dash of Kedge, who had seen more of the world than he.

Kedge, young as he was, had made two voyages to Europe and one to China.

He had been to San Francisco, and pretty well all around from Quebec to the Horn.

The cook was a young negro named Boss Cross, who was very smart, and had a great idea of his own importance.

He was not a plantation nigger by any means, but had been raised North.

When he saw Kedge he exclaimed:

"What you want so early, Mr. Kedge? You know the coffee not made yet, sah. Haven't had time to let the fire burn up. That's a fac."

"That doesn't trouble me any, Boss," answered Kedge.

"What you come, then, to me for?"

"I want to introduce a friend of mine. Cap has taken him on for your mate."

"P'raps Cappen Spike be good 'nuff not to be so fast," replied the cook. "I choose my own mate, and takes nobody to sail with me under five dollars."

"You shall have it, if I pay it myself!" exclaimed Kedge.

"Your word good 'nuff that, sah. Step up here, boy! What your name?"

Rob was roused by the darkey's manner.

"Look here," he said; "I'm willing to be your mate, but I shan't pay you no five dollars, and if you cheek me I'll let you know I'm no mean white trash!"

"Eh! What's that?"

"I don't kootoo to niggers!"

"I'm a colored gentleman, sah! Want you to understand that distinctly, sah! I was born free, and, barring my color, I'm as good as you. D'ye hear me, sah?"

"Perhaps you are, and again perhaps you are not."

"Tell you what I do with you, boy," said Boss Cross.

"What's that?"

"I'd put you on the school-ship. That's the place for you, and don't you forget it."

Kedge saw that a quarrel was brewing.

He did not want to have that, so he put his spoke in the wheel.

"What are you two fellows snarling at?" he exclaimed. "If you could hear yourselves, you'd never do a day's good afterward."

"What he done gone insult me for?" asked Boss.

"Now, see here, Cross Boss——"

"Boss Cross, sah, that my name."

"Well, it don't matter; it's all the same in the long run. You've got the master's orders to take my friend as your mate."

"That all well and good."

"If you don't believe me, you can go and ask him."

"I'm satisfied."

"If you want five dollars you can have it."

"We will waive the five dollars, Mr. Kedge," said the cook. "It is my usual fee, but I am not broke for five dollars—no, sah! nor for twenty-five! That's what I want you to understand. It's not my poverty, it's my system by which I work. Six men now want to come sail under me, and one offer me high as six dollars to take him along, true's you live, sah."

"You and me's always been good friends, Boss."

"That's so."

"Well, if yer don't want me to go back on yer, take kindly to—to——"

"Rob," put in our hero.

"To Rob," continued Kedge. "I won't say it's an honor for a nigger to have a white man to help him, but this I do say, you can't improve on Rob."

"I take him at six dollars."

"That settles it," said Kedge. "If he don't pay you, I'll guarantee the stamps."

"You gentleman of honor, Mr. Kedge. I take your word soon as I would your money."

"Shake hands."

Rob and the darkey shook hands, and the bargain was completed. He had shipped on board the *Armadillo* as cook's mate or assistant.

Not a bad berth, either, for a boy.

He was sure of plenty to eat, and the position was not an arduous one, either.

"Now, Rob, you've liberty, man, till we set sail, and I guess you'd best come along with me," said Kedge.

"I dispense with your services, Mr. Rob," said Boss Cross, in a pompous manner. "But to-morrow morning you can make the fire, and I show you how we cook on board the *Armadillo*."

"All right," replied Rob. "I'm all there when I'm wanted, and you won't find I shirk my work. If I ship to do a thing, I do it."

He went aft with Kedge.

"I'm very much obliged to you," he said. "Upon my word I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't say anything about it," answered Kedge. "I like to do a fellow a good turn if I can. Perhaps you can help me some day, who knows? You remember the fable of the lion and the mouse?"

"No; what is it?"

"The lion despised the mouse, but one day the lion got caught in nets, and the mouse came and gnawed a hole with his teeth so that the lion could get out. Sabe?"

Rob laughed.

"You seem to be a general favorite," he said, "and I don't suppose you will ever get into any trouble."

"I don't know about that," replied Kedge, thoughtfully.

"Have you an enemy?"

"One."

"Who is he?"

"The first officer, Vangs. He's a beast! I can't say that he is my enemy more than any one else; but every one hates him. Oh, Vangs is the Old One himself for playing the mischief."

"Why does the captain have him on board?"

"Because he can't help himself. The owners put him here. He has some extraordinary pull over them. There's a mystery about him, somewhere."

"Indeed!" said Rob.

"He tells fortunes by the lines in the hand, and the men are all afraid of him. I hate Vangs."

"So do I, without seeing him," said Rob.

They were leaning against the taffrail, in the gradually glowing light of the lovely Summer morning.

As Rob looked at the ship he thought what a pretty thing she was.

"I wish I knew all about a ship," he exclaimed. "Do you know all the points of a ship, Kedge?"

"Pretty nearly all. I'm well posted."

"Will you teach me?"

"I will, to the best of my ability; but you'll have to begin at the beginning," replied Kedge.

"Will you start now?"

"I don't mind," said Kedge Anchor, taking up a coil of rope, and adding, "Do you know how to knot a ropeyarn?"

"Can't say I do," replied Rob, looking wistfully at the rope.

"Can you make a half-hitch?"

"No."

"See here. It's easy enough. Pass the end of your rope round the standing part, and bring it up through the bight—that's a half-hitch."

Rob took the rope, and following the instructions, made the knot, to his own satisfaction and that of his instructor.

"Now, here's a reef-knot. Follow me. It's sometimes called a square knot. Pick up that spar. First make an overhand-knot round it; then bring the end next to you over the left hand and through the bight; haul both ends taut, and it is made. See."

"Yes," replied Rob. "I shall be able to knot with a little practice."

"Oh, there are dozens of them—bowline-knots, bends, salvage-strap, splices, eyes, Turk's-heads, Matthew Walkers, and——"

"What a funny name!" interrupted Rob. "Tell me what a Matthew Walker is."

"You make it," replied Kedge, "by opening the end of a rope and taking the first strand round the rope and through its own bight; then take the second end round the rope underneath, through the bight of the first and through its own bight; the third end take the same way underneath, through the bights of all three; haul the ends well taut, and you have the best lanyard-knot going."

"Oh, that's awfully difficult," said Rob. "I'm sure I should never do that."

"Kedge! Where's Kedge?" cried a voice.

"The skipper's calling me," said Kedge.

"What shall I do while you're gone?" asked Rob, almost plaintively.

"If you want to be making yourself useful, make a Jacob's ladder, and they can't say you're an idler."

"How's that done?"

"See that coil of small rope?"

"Where?"

"That two-inch stuff."

"Yes."

"Pick it up. Now make two straps, about three feet long—that's the length of your ladder; splice them together with a short-long splice; get them on a stretch, and make them bear an equal strain; mark off where you intend the rounds to go."

"What are the rounds?"

"Pieces of round wood, two inches in diameter, with a score on each end for the rope to lie in. Put the rounds in between both parts of the rope. Seize them in by putting on a snug seizing of marline on each side of the round; then you can parcel, leather, or serve in the rope, just as you like."

Rob looked at Kedge in blank amazement.

"If that's the way a Jacob's ladder is made," he said, "I wouldn't do it in a month."

"Well," replied Kedge, "take the rope and play with it till I come back. Better have it in your hands than round your back."

"You bet."

Kedge smiled and hurried off to the captain, who was bellowing for him again, and he left Rob looking hopelessly at the coil of rope, with which he did not know in the least what to do, though his friend's instruction seemed clear and succinct enough.

It is one thing to be told how to make a knot, and quite another thing to do it.

CHAPTER IV.

AFLOAT ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

ROB ROLLALONG did not get on very well with his Jacob's ladder, and he was glad when Kedge returned to him.

"Well, old man," said Kedge, "how goes it? Doing your ten knots an hour, with the wind clear on your weather bow?"

"I'll give it up," replied Rob. "Is there any chance of breakfast?"

A sharp, though not unmelodious, gong-like tinkle, was heard.

"Eight bells—breakfast, sure enough," said Kedge.

"What's that?"

"Our clock—the ship's bell. Come on to the galley."

Kedge conducted his young friend to the cook, who was in full swing, and he soon found that there was plenty of employment for him, as he had to carry a variety of things below.

When his labors were over, he eat his own breakfast, which consisted of steak, liver and bacon, fried eggs, toast and pork-chops.

Kedge breakfasted with them.

"Not so dusty, is it?" remarked Kedge, after his third chop.

"I'm making out very well," replied Rob.

"You see," continued Kedge, "that, being in the galley, you can have a bit of everything that is good. Boss looks out for himself."

"That's as true as you live," answered the cook. "The heat of the fire takes my appetite away, and I've got to save a few trifles for myself from the captain's table."

"Do you always live as well as this?" inquired Rob.

"Not likely. Say, Boss, do you recollect the last time we lay off Quarantine we were reduced to salt beef and biscuit? Not a bit of anything else on board, and two men down with the scurvy."

"That was a bad time," replied Boss Cross. "Head winds all the time. Three weeks over-due. Shall we start on time to-day?"

"Yes; the cargo's about stowed."

"Wish to golly, Kedge, you'd see 'bout those two coops of chickens for the skipper's table."

"They're on the wharf."

"Send 'em 'long right away," said the cook.

After breakfast Rob helped to bring up the dishes from the messes below, and washed them up. Then he peeled the potatoes for dinner, put water and spilt peas in a pot to boil for soup, with lumps of fat pork, and was generally initiated in the mysteries of cooking on board ship.

It was about half-past eleven, when Rob said:

"Are you through with me, Mr. Cross?"

"I'll call you when I want you," replied the cook.

Rob took a stroll about the ship.

The work of the stevedores was done, and Captain Spike was preparing to get under way.

Mr. Vangs, the first officer, was by his side, and they were standing aft.

"Is all the rigging up slow and aloft, Mr. Vangs?" asked the captain, who was a good sailor and a particular man.

"It is, sir," replied Vangs.

"See that the preventer gear is on, and leads and lines in the chains; grease the masts, jib and staysails, stays, lifts and trusses, and reef-pendents."

"Ay, ay," said Vangs.

"Is the sheet-anchor stowed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen the tiller-ropes clear?"

"All clear, sir."

"Cross topgallant-yards; bend the gear; take the covers off the jibs, staysail, spanker and trysail; coil every rope down clear; have studding-sails stepped, ready for going aloft, and the royal halyards down on the weather side."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Are cat-and-fish overhauled down?"

"I guess so, sir."

"Is there a sufficiency of sand on board?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, call all hands to clear hawse."

Mr. Vangs stepped forward and passed the orders to the second officer.

Soon the cheery sound of the boatswain's pipe was heard, and the men came tumbling forward.

All was in readiness for a start, and the ship was to be got under way.

Vangs was not liked by the men, but he was a smart officer, nevertheless.

The second officer was a somewhat delicate man, named Manners, of a nervous disposition, and rather slow and undecided in his movements.

"Now, then, Mr. Manners!" exclaimed Vangs. "I'll thank you to see to your duty, and make the men skip lively, or we shall only have the dirty end of the ebb-tide."

"I'm seeing the hawse clear," replied Manners.

"That's all very well, but how is it you haven't overhauled cat-and-fish? I guess you want to bouse up clear without swinging foul. But you wouldn't mind if there was an elbow in the hawse."

Vangs liked to bully Manners, because the latter was too much of a gentleman to answer him back again rudely.

"You'll find everything all right," replied Manners.

"Go and gammon the bowsprit," said Vangs. "I'm not to be fooled, sir, by you."

"What am I doing now?" asked the second officer.

"What are you doing?"

"Yes; am I doing anything wrong, that's what I want to know?"

Vangs pretended not to hear this question.

He turned his attention to some of the crew, who were talking to one another on the yards.

"No hailing aloft," he cried. "Bo'sun, stop that."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the boatswain.

"It's all noise and no work," continued Vangs. "Stop it right away; d'ye hear me?"

He stood at a little distance from the second officer, who was rather flustered, but gave his orders concisely.

"Get up nippers; pass the messenger; knock up the stanchions; ship the gratings; rig the fish-davit, there."

Presently he reported all ready to unmoor.

Vangs went aft and transmitted the report to the captain.

"Very good, Mr. Vangs; you will call all hands to unmoor ship," replied Captain Spike.

He was talking to the owner, who was a thin, cadaverous-looking man, with a peaky nose, a scanty mustache and a little bit of stunted goatee beard.

"I have something to say to you, Spike," said the owner.

"I'm here, sir," replied the captain.

"Can I trust you, Spike?"

"With your life, Mr. Sargoe, if you make it worth my while."

"That, of course. I will talk in your cabin. You can put me ashore at Staten Island. What I want to say won't take more than half an hour," said Mr. Sargoe.

"Very good, sir."

They stood side by side, and a few friends of the men waved their handkerchiefs on the dock.

"Cast her off on the starboard back, Mr. Vangs," said the captain.

There was a stiff breeze blowing down the East River, and they would have felt it if they had had to go through Hell Gate, but their course lay in an opposite direction.

The anchor was raised and apeak, the foretopsail put back, main and mizzen by the wind.

"Give her a shear with the starboard helm," said the captain.

The *Armadillo* got well into the tide; soon she fell off so as the after-sails filled.

"Let flow jib-sheet," said Captain Spike.

"Ay, ay," replied the first officer.

"Stand out the spankers; set topgallant sails, and courses; trim yards and sails," continued the captain.

"Up you go, you lubbers," said Vangs, repeating the orders. "Skip lively."

The ship was now fairly under way.

Captain Spike and Mr. Sargoe remained on deck, till they passed Governor's island and came abreast of old Fort Lafayette.

Then Mr. Sargoe touched the captain on the shoulder.

"Come below. I would talk business to you," he said.

Captain Spike bowed and led the way to his cabin.

Vangs, in the absence of the captain, was virtual commander of the ship, and he thought it a good opportunity to bully Manners a little more.

"Just ease that weather vang, Mr. Manners," he exclaimed.

"What for, may I ask?" replied Manners.

"You should never bouse it up too tight, unless you want to carry away your gaff. You should have steadied the gaff more before you let go the brails."

Manners sent a man down to the spanker and did as he was told, but bit his lips at being found fault with before the crew.

"It's blowing fresh, Mr. Manners," continued the first officer. "Don't you think you had better see to those courses?"

"The ship is making good way, sir."

"I should hook and haul taut the rolling tackle to ease the trusses, and pay those ropes down below."

"They are not clean and dry yet."

"Then make them so; and, Mr. Manners——"

"Sir?"

"Be good enough to overhaul the storm staysail gear, see everything ready for service, and stow it below again."

This was a wholly unnecessary and vexatious order, only calculated to give trouble to the officer and the men.

Manners looked at Vangs as if he could have given him a piece of his mind, but a strong sense of duty restrained him.

Vangs was his superior officer.

At sea, discipline must be preserved and orders obeyed, no matter how much annoyance they may cause.

Rob Rollalong had watched all the manœuvres and listened to all the orders with the strongest possible interest.

The way in which the ship was managed struck him as being peculiarly perfect and beautiful.

Every rope and every sail had its use.

The sailors were as familiar with each part of the ship and her rigging as if they had built her themselves.

He stood open-mouthed, looking at the bellying canvas, when a sailor put a tarbrush in between his teeth.

"Ugh, oh, spish!" spluttered Rob. "What did you—pish!—do that for? Shoosh!"

"Just for roots, sonny," replied the sailor.

"You're a brute."

"Keep your mouth shut next time, Johnny," said the man, going on his way, laughing.

Rob had to go to the galley and get some hot water and lard, to take away the tar which clung to his lips and gums.

He was very indignant, but he soon found out that a practical joke played on a boy on board ship was not considered a great offense, even if the boy was severely injured thereby.

We must follow the captain and the owner to the cabin, where, over a bottle of wine and a cigar, they indulged in a private conversation.

Its privacy, however, must be invaded for the benefit of our readers.

"Spike," said Mr. Sargoe, "you have worked for me for many years, and I have had every reason to be satisfied with you."

"Thank you, sir," replied Spike.

"At all times you have done your best."

"I have endeavored to do so."

"You never yet lost a ship."

"Neither by fire or water," put in the captain.

"But it might happen that a skillful captain should lose a ship. Storms are dangerous. The pitcher may go often to the well and get broken at last."

"That's so, sir," said Captain Spike, who as yet scarcely understood his meaning.

"Now, the ship might catch fire."

"That would be a pity, sir, because we have a valuable cargo," said Spike, simply.

"But suppose the cargo is worthless?"

"Worthless, sir!"

"Yes," continued Mr. Sargoe, earnestly. "Drink another glass of wine, Spike. It won't hurt you."

The captain poured out some champagne, and his hand trembled violently.

He began to understand that something of a terrible nature was about to be proposed to him.

He could see through a glass darkly.

His bronzed face turned a shade paler.

"Spike," exclaimed Mr. Sargoe, "what would you say if those boxes you saw lowered into the hold contained——"

He lowered his voice to a whisper.

"What, sir?" breathlessly demanded Spike.

"*Lead and shavings!*"

"But in the bill of lading, sir, they are described as——"

"Yes, yes; we know that," said Mr. Sargoe, impatiently.

"I think I understand you now, sir," said Spike.

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, eh, Spike?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"If this ship was lost we shouldn't miss her. I have others I could make you commander of. You know the *Bella*?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fine ship the *Bella*."

"One of the best afloat, sir."

"You would like to be master of her, eh?"

"She is better than the *Armadillo*, sir. We are only classed second, and—but, after all, I should miss the old ship."

"The old ship be hanged!" said Mr. Sargoe. "Now, I must speak plainly. The cargo on the *Armadillo* is worthless. She is insured for a large amount, and, and——"

"I see, sir," said the captain, as the owner hesitated; "you want me to lose the ship?"

"Not lose her—*burn her!*" replied Mr. Sargoe.

The sweat rolled off the captain's forehead in large beads.

He had always been an honest man.

Up to the present time he had respected himself; but he was in a terrible dilemma, and he felt ashamed of listening to such a proposition.

Yet what could he do?

The owner had done him favors.

He was in his power to a certain extent, for Sargoe & Co. were a rich firm, and if Sargoe discharged a master who had been in his employ, and refused to give him a recommendation, who would engage him?

He would lose his character.

For months he might be without a ship.

There was no time for doubt or deliberation.

A decision must be made quickly.

Already they were nearing the lighthouse on the port bow.

Soon they would be off quarantine, where Mr. Sargoe wanted to be put ashore, as he could get down by the horse-cars through Clifton, and get back to New York by the Staten Island Ferry, from the third landing.

"What's the matter, man?" exclaimed Mr. Sargoe. "Are you ill?"

"No, sir," faintly responded Spike.

He could have heard the thunder crash, and the tempest roar, and seen his ship tossed on the waves like a cork, without exhibiting the least trace of fear.

Now the case was different.

"Speak up—yes or no!" said Mr. Sargoe, whose cadaverous face assumed a bluish hue.

"It would be a fraud on the underwriters, sir."

"Of course it would; but who's to know that?"

"Very true," said Spike. "Yet——"

"Yes or no!"

There was a moment's hesitation, and Spike screwed himself up.

"No!" he said.

Mr. Sargoe regarded him with astonishment.

"You shall have $1,000!" he exclaimed.

Spike shook his head.

"Two thousand!"

"No, sir."

"Five thousand!"

This was a heavy bribe, and Spike wavered.

The man who hesitates is lost.

Seeing the advantage he had gained, Mr. Sargoe concluded, with animation:

"See here, Spike. If you refuse, I'll put you ashore, and make Vangs master in your place. I'll stop the ship, and let her lay to off the island. No, no; don't you think you have got the best of me! If you breathe a word to any one about my proposition to you, I'll swear you lie, and are merely making a charge against me to blackmail me. I'll have you up for trying to extort money. I'll prevent your ever getting a ship again. I'll *ruin you*—I will, by G——"

As he spoke these words he brought his hand down with such force on the table as to make the glasses jump again.

Captain Spike was the picture of despair.

He was completely in the owner's power, and, not being a very strong-minded man, had not moral courage enough to fight against him.

It was an awful position in which to be placed.

Imagine the nature of the proposition.

He was asked—nay, ordered—to burn his own ship; and if he refused, he was threatened with absolute ruin!

This was no idle threat.

Mr. Sargoe could easily carry it into execution.

"What is your answer, Spike?" asked the owner, after a pause.

"I—I——" stammered the captain.

"Is it to be war or peace?"

"We—we——" stuttered Spike.

He could not get his words out, his agitation was so great.

"Are we to be friends or enemies?"

"Fri—friends, sir."

"That settles it. Run her in near the shore, between here and Baltimore, and burn her to the water's edge."

"Suppose, sir, there is any salvage?"

"There will be none."

"How?"

"I have put powder enough in the hold to destroy every vestige of the *Armadillo* half an hour after she catches fire."

Captain Spike regarded the owner with horror.

He was the most cold-blooded villain he had ever met with.

But there was no escape.

He had to submit without a murmur, and he did so.

"It shall be done, sir," he replied, "and you will see me at your office within a week."

"Good!" said Mr. Sargoe. "I shall not be ungrateful. You have never yet found me a hard master, and if you serve me faithfully, I will reward you. In fact, I have one or two ships more I want to get rid of, and if you do this well, you shall have the job."

Spike hadn't the heart to say, "Thank you."

"We will waste no more time in words," continued the owner; "it is all settled. Pour me out another glass of wine, Spike, and I'll go on deck."

"Certainly, sir."

They pledged one another in the foaming champagne, and quitted the cabin.

The ship was passing up the bay, and had coasted Staten Island to within a short distance of the spot where the owner wanted to land.

Captain Spike gave the customary order for lowering sail.

Mr. Sargoe got into a boat manned by six sailors, and was pulled ashore to Staten Island.

The *Armadillo* drifted slowly with the tide, and when the boat again joined her off Quarantine, she set sail a second time, and stood out to sea.

Many a heart beat high with hope and pleasurable excitement on board that ship; but the heart of the master was heavy as lead within him.

It seemed as if a cursed blight had fallen upon his life.

Crime had been forced upon him.

If he had been firm and true to himself, he would have stamped upon the hateful thing as if it had been a venomous snake.

But he was weak, good-natured, and had hesitated.

He should have taken the scoundrel who tempted him by the throat and dragged him into the view of the officers and crew.

Then he should have denounced him as a villain, and endured the consequences.

That is what a truly brave man would have done.

But, as we have hinted, Captain Spike, although bodily brave, was weak in mind.

Now he had the vulture of remorse gnawing at his vitals, and was a miserable man for evermore.

Still one little opening was left him.

He might repent—retreat, and save himself at the last moment by taking the ship to Baltimore.

Yet, if he did so, he would involve his employer in ruin, as the fraud on the underwriters would be exposed, and at the same time he would do himself no good.

Five thousand dollars was a heavy bribe.

The preservation of his owner's favor was worth thinking about.

He went into his cabin again, and drank deeply until full of wine, which brings only false courage and delusive counsel. He thought more of worldly advantage than he did of duty. His scruples gradually vanished.

He would fire the ship in the night.

No one should see him do it.

In a week he would be back to New York, and have more money in his pocket at one time than he had earned in five years.

Oh, gold!

Great is thy power!

The Israelites worshiped the golden calf in the wilderness, and the Christians of the present day outdo their Hebrew brethren in their frantic struggles after the circulating medium.

When Captain Spike again sought the deck he thought no more of his conscience.

The *Armadillo* was a doomed vessel.

She would never reach port.

Her fate was sealed.

(To be continued.)

"Rob Rollalong was commenced in No. 572.

LONG JIM, THE SCOUT;

Or,

The Death Valley of the Apaches.

By HENRY R. BRISBANE.

CHAPTER XVII.

(Continued from page [illegible].)

THE soldiers comprehended what was going on, and they fired so many times that there was risk of hitting the whites themselves.

Lone Wolf ran great danger of being struck, but that good fortune which has followed him for so many years did not desert him now, and he rejoined his men without receiving a scratch.

The entire body of Apaches were too close to the fort for safety, and they hurriedly decamped until they were beyond the reach of the guns, which had been blazing away at them for several minutes.

Safely out of range, they once more set up their shouts of defiance, like so many schoolboys who await the moment when certain that the enemy cannot reach and punish them for their daring.

Having whooped and yelled until they were tired, the Indians saw that nothing was to be gained by such means, and they drew off and rode away in a different direction from that which they followed in approaching the fort.

The disappointment of the two scouts was of the most cruel form, for there was a moment during the exciting crisis when their hopes were up to the highest point, and when they would have succeeded in giving their captors the slip but for the helpless way in which their arms were tied.

Now all such hope was gone, for they were riding away from the post, which there was no means of reaching.

The two brave men exulted in the punishment their enemies received, even though it did them no good.

They were brave enough, too, to receive the harsh fate that seemed in store for them without a murmur.

In the new order of things they were separated from each other, and were thus deprived of the pleasure of exchanging words in their helpless captivity.

As they rode along in this manner, Long Jim was given a sight of his mustang Hurricane, which was bestridden by no less a personage than Lone Wolf himself.

Mickey O'Rooney saw his horse, also, under the legs of a savage, and he wished that the animal would throw him and break his neck, which wish, we are sorry to say, was not gratified.

The Indians, it is not necessary to say, were exasperated to the last degree by the punishment they had received from the soldiers at the fort, and the reflection that their two captives had done a great deal toward securing the reward for their many crimes in the past was not calculated to make them feel very amiable toward them.

It was through no mercy that the scouts had been spared from death up to this time.

Far from it. Their fate was decided long ago.

The comrades in distress were cheered by the hope that Colonel Melville had a chance of making the fort without any molestation from the redskins.

The latter had all left the vicinity of Fort Sheridan, and, if the little party only knew it, the way was open for them to ride up and enter the gate without harm.

It was the belief of the two that the exaggerated stories told by the Irishman, in the hearing of the Apaches, and especially for the benefit of Lone Wolf, had produced a salutary effect upon him and them.

As there had been no division of the force, they concluded that the redskins were afraid of the other whites, who had been represented as possessing such fearful engines of warfare.

All this hope was dissipated by the action of Lone Wolf, who halted his men when within less than a mile of the fort.

A consultation was held among the leaders, and Long Jim managed to catch enough to learn what it was for.

This eavesdropping developed two very important facts.

Lone Wolf had decided to send some twenty of his best warriors in pursuit of Colonel Melville and his companions.

More than that, there were already a number of his braves on the hunt for them, as there had been from a short time before the capture of the two scouts.

This force was under the leadership of the dreaded white renegade, Jake Harf.

This was terribly depressing news to Jim, who told all, as soon as he gained a chance, to Mickey.

The Irishman gave up at once, and the pitiable spectacle was seen of a strong man in utter despair, not for himself alone, but for those whom he valued more than he did his own life.

He felt that the last great struggle was at hand.

"Jim," said he, in the most sorrowful of voices, "I don't care what they do with us, nor where they are taking us."

"Don't you know?" asked his companion.

"No; where is it?"

"It is to Auka-Yata!"

He spoke the truth! They were destined to that awful place.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COLONEL MELVILLE MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

ALTHOUGH the events described took much less time for their occurrence than they have for their narration, yet the period was one of great distress to Colonel Melville, awaiting the return of his friends.

He had lived long enough on the frontier to understand that men engaged in the business of Jim and Mickey are liable at all times to capture and death.

That both of these brave and daring fellows could fall into the power of Lone Wolf and his warriors at the same time, and by a series of separate and distinct events, was so incredible that he would not have believed it until he saw the proof.

But as the beautiful Summer day wore away, and the eyes and glasses turned so often in the direction of the fort failed to catch sight of the familiar forms of the scouts, the apprehension within him became so strong that he could scarcely conceal it.

The land lying between them and the post was peculiar, and of that nature that the whites could see nothing of what was going on.

The prairie was rolling in its character, several of the swells being such that they shut out of view the thicket in which the two men met their fate.

From the point where the whites took their station, they were able to catch sight of the flagstaff of Fort Sheridan, with the banner lazily floating from the top.

The view was not very satisfactory, except to show where the fort was located and to direct the steps of whoever wished to go to it.

The faint sound of Mickey O'Rooney's rifle caused the colonel more uneasiness than anything of the kind had ever done.

He was continually gazing in the direction of the post, and after he had heard this sound, and while his friends were talking together in their gayest manner, he concluded to ride forward to the highest point and see whether he could learn what was going on.

This hill was a little way to the right, and so near where his folks were, that the danger of becoming separated from them never occurred to him.

Telling Dick Harrod and Ned what his intention was, he struck his horse into a gallop, and soon reached the post of observation.

Here he found his field-glass was not as good as he had anticipated.

He could discern the thicket—that is, a portion of it—plainly enough, but he descried none of the actors in the exciting drama going forward at that moment.

The scene of Long Jim Shafto's encounter with the Apaches was in this thicket and beyond it, so that Colonel Melville sat on the back of his mustang and looked through his field-glass without suspecting even the mishap of the scouts.

In this position the colonel remained full an hour without gaining an inkling to the truth.

During the time the Apaches had not only captured Jim and Mickey, but had ridden up in front of the fort, and indulged in the antics already described.

The colonel saw all this from his place of observation, and yet the view was such that he never once suspected what it all meant.

The Apaches were so mixed up and mingled together that he did not notice that two of their number were white men.

The conclusion that he came to was that Lone Wolf, having determined to leave the neighborhood, had ridden up for the purpose of exchanging his farewell shots with Colonel Bailey.

He watched them as they galloped away, and finally disappeared from sight over the prairie.

"That looks as if not only the fort, but we, are well rid of them," muttered the colonel, as he watched the movement. "They have acted rather curiously before going, but Lone Wolf, who, I doubt not, is the leader of the expedition, is a curious devil, anyway, and there is no telling what he is going to do, except to do all the mischief he knows how."

The natural conclusion of Melville, after watching this exodus, was that the way was open for him and his friends to go to the fort; but he was mystified over the absence of the two scouts.

But for that he would have started at once for the refuge.

To do so, however, without consultation with or permission from one or both of them, was a sort of violation of contract which he could not commit, except under the spur of the strongest necessity.

"It must be that they have gone into the fort for consultation with Colonel Bailey," thought Melville, still puzzled and filled with a strange uneasiness. "If such is the case, they ought to understand the value of time, and come back without any delay. Lone Wolf might take it into his head to make a detour, and come after us while those fellows are away."

Had the surface of the prairie been such as to favor observation, he might have gained a clue to all this, and his alarm would have been greater than it now was.

He would have discovered a party of Apaches stealing round to the left, as if to get to the rear of him and his friends.

The distance was great, and as he could see nothing of them, the natural supposition was that the redskins could observe nothing of the whites, which might be true, without proving that they did not know all about the unsuspicious party.

Still Colonel Melville remained upon his post of observation, looking in the direction of the fort and over the top of the intervening thicket, without learning what was going on.

When this stagnation had lasted all of an hour he began to grow impatient.

"They seem to have forgotten their duty; and if they mean to stay there the rest of the day I don't see why we should wait here until they get ready to come out to us."

His conclusion was not just to the scouts, as he more than half suspected, but he was weary of this waiting, and when a man is in that condition he is very apt to do one injustice.

He had ridden quite a way from his children and companions, and he now wheeled about to rejoin them.

The distance between his post of observation and the spot where he had left them was about an eighth of a mile.

His attention having been directed elsewhere, he had not bestowed a look upon them until now, when he started on his return.

He had ridden about half way when he looked ahead, and to his unbounded amazement nothing was to be seen of any of them.

"What under the heavens is the matter with them all?" he asked himself, as he drew up his mustang and stared ahead. "What's become of them?"

The trouble here was that Dick Harrod and the rest could not have gone beyond sight without riding quite a distance from where they were left by the colonel.

The conclusion, therefore, was that they had done more than merely shifted their position.

They must have ridden to another hill beyond, which was the nearest point which offered concealment.

Melville would have been angered if he was not so alarmed at the shape matters were taking.

Here, within the course of a few hours, while at the head of quite a little party on their way to Fort Sheridan, he had become separated from them through no agency on his part.

The worst of it was, he was really lost, and he knew not in what direction to return to find them again.

"Harrod would have scarcely done that without consulting me, unless there was the strongest necessity therefor," he argued, "and something tells me that danger is approaching."

He struck his mustang into a run, and a few minutes after drew rein on the spot where he had left his friends.

His first proceeding was to scan the ground for signs of what had taken them away.

There were the tracks left by the hoofs of their horses, but, so far as he could ascertain, there was nothing else.

The most rigid scrutiny failed to detect the marks of Indians, such as would have been left had they ridden to the spot.

The tracks such as he saw were plainly made by less than a dozen mustangs, which was the strongest proof that none but the whites had been there while he was away.

"I don't see why, if they found it necessary to leave, they did not give me some warning of what they were going to do; the distance was so short that they could have done it without any trouble, and I could have rejoined them. That is what they ought to have done, and—*that is what they did do!*"

Just then the recollection flashed upon him that while seated on his mustang, looking in the direction of the fort, he heard some one shout, evidently to him.

But just at the time he was very much interested in the firing going on near the post, and the shout that reached his ears was as the sound that comes to us in dreams.

He did not turn his head, and when the fight ended between Lone Wolf and Colonel Bailey, he forgot all about the warning.

"That must have been meant for me," he added, as he recalled the incident, "and it is strange that I forgot it."

He could do nothing but follow the tracks of the horses, which led in the direction of the nearest hill, behind which he had suspected at the first the folks were awaiting him.

"Strange I do not see any of them," he mused, as he rode along, surveying the place with some apprehension.

It was this same eagerness that caused him to hurry more than he would have done had the danger been less.

It was only a short ride to the elevation, at the base of which he reined up, a little doubtful whether he ought to ride to the top without a reconnoissance.

The latter could have been made by a detour which would have given him a view of every side of the elevation, while at a safe distance.

Unfortunately, Colonel Melville allowed his better judgment to be obscured by his anxiety, which pressed him onward without that caution which ordinarily distinguished him.

He spoke sharply to his mustang and started him up the slope.

Half way to the top, and from the grass on above, there came a sudden flash of fire, and his steed, with a groan, sagged down to the ground, falling so suddenly that the rider had barely time to leap from the saddle and save himself from being crushed.

Some one had shot the faithful beast through the heart while he was in the act of ascending the hill.

The identity of the wretch who did it was not allowed to be a doubtful question for a single minute.

At the instant succeeding the shot, the Apache sprang to his feet, and with his war-whoop started down on a run toward the man.

As he did so, half a dozen others sprang to their feet and united their yells with his, and sped straight toward the white man.

The colonel succeeded, by a dexterous movement, in freeing himself from the stirrups, and without an instant's hesitation, and under the belief that the leading warrior meant to take his life, raised his rifle for the purpose of shooting him dead.

The Apache was half scared to death at the prompt action of the white man.

Throwing up his arms by way of protest, he turned about and ran back toward the rest of the warriors, as if seeking protection among them.

Surprised at this course, Colonel Melville reserved his fire, and waited to see what they meant to do.

For a moment he meditated making a desperate defense against the Apaches that were crowding down the hill, but he could not shut his eyes to the fact that the most courageous fight he could make would be of no avail whatever.

The redskins were masters of the situation, and even though he was convinced that sure death should follow his surrender, yet he saw that it was best to yield.

His position was the same as that of the scouts who had gone this way before him.

As the redskins began crowding around him, he threw down his rifle as a token that he accepted the situation, and awaited their pleasure.

The warriors were somewhat timid for a few minutes about laying hands upon the prisoner who had shown such a readiness to resist the attention of the man that had shot down his mustang.

They were convinced, however, after a time, that he was harmless, and they gathered around him and claimed him as their own.

It should be stated that when Colonel Melville surrendered to the Apaches, he was not without a pretty distinct hope that he would be able by some means to secure his release.

It has been made clear to the reader that the owner of what was once Melville Ranch was one who had made a few friends among the Indians during his several years' residence among them.

It is true that he and Lone Wolf, including plenty of the followers of each, had been brought in collision quite a number of times, and the peril of the whites had been of the most perilous character.

But in all of these contests the colonel had fought them as one brave foe fights another.

There were deeds, too, of kindness that he had rendered some of the Apaches, which he hoped they would remember as tenaciously as he knew they held the recollection of their wrongs.

This was a slender reed to lean upon, and it is strange that a man knowing the ungrateful character of all Indians, as did he, should have permitted himself to be deceived in this manner.

Yet such was the fact.

The colonel looked around for Lone Wolf, rather hoping that he was in the party, but he was not.

There were warriors among the Apaches whom he also wished to meet, on account of services given them in the past, but he searched in vain among the numerous painted faces for one of them.

They were all entire strangers, so far as he could see. And yet they were not all unknown, either, as he found out within the succeeding five minutes.

Had the sun of good fortune set upon the whites, that this thing, of all others, should happen to the leader of the party which came so near reaching the protection of Fort Sheridan?

Some six months previous to the incidents we are narrating, Colonel Melville was visited at the ranch by an Apache brave, who claimed his hospitality on the ground of sickness.

He received every attention he needed, and was not there long, when the owner discovered that he was laboring under the effects of a drunken debauch indulged in at Fort Sheridan, from which place he had been kicked out by the indignant commandant.

Nevertheless, Melville treated him with more consideration than he deserved, until he found he still had a whisky-jug in his possession, from which he was constantly supplying himself.

In short, the colonel was taking care of the scamp while he was keeping up his debauch.

Melville, therefore, took the jug from him and smashed it, warning the loafer that he must not attempt any more such tricks; but, at the same time, he let him understand that he was at liberty to stay until he was recovered enough to continue his journey.

The Apache was inflamed with passion and fire-water, and he became very angry and abusive.

The colonel was not in the mood to take his impudence, after treating him with such consideration, and when the brute drew his knife upon him, he knocked him down, and then kicked him out of the ranch.

That night the scamp revisited the place and stole one of the best mustangs, going off with a defiant whoop.

Colonel Melville had not seen the fellow since, and of course he felt no desire to meet him.

But now, of all occasions, he showed himself.

He was among the captors of the unfortunate Melville, and was the only one who enjoyed his personal acquaintance.

As the colonel stood with his arms folded, and waiting in a dignified manner for his masters to do as they chose, one of the warriors walked slowly by him, looking in his face with a significant grin, as if seeking to attract his notice.

When this was repeated several times, the painted dog finally stopped directly before him, and stood grinning in the same idiotic way, looking him in the face and never speaking a word.

Then the prisoner scrutinized him more sharply, and saw that he was the drunken rascal that he had kicked out of his ranch six months before.

The discovery, as may be supposed, was not a pleasant one to Colonel Melville, who, while looking for his friends, was confronted by one whom he well knew hated him with the venomous enmity of a wounded rattlesnake.

The colonel was disposed at first to recognize him, and pretend to a friendship which he was far from feeling, in the hope that he might win his good will.

But Melville was a man who despised duplicity, and he felt, too, that it would be useless in the present case.

Accordingly, he simply stared at the brute, who stared and grinned at him, neither speaking.

When the mouth of the Apache began to ache from being stretched so much, he relaxed it and said:

"You know me?"

"Who are you?" asked the colonel, feigning ignorance, while the rest of the warriors, standing around, looked on the comedy with no little interest.

"Me Jacob," replied the Indian, using the name he had received at the fort from the soldiers.

"Where did you ever see me?"

"At ranch."

"How long ago?"

"Two, six, eight moons."

Colonel Melville bent his head as if in deep thought.

Suddenly he looked up.

"Ah, yes, I remember you now. You came to the ranch some six months ago and told me you were sick."

"Yes, that's me," said the Indian, nodding his head half a dozen times, as if delighted with the recollection of the prisoner.

"I took care of you and gave you food and medicine?"

"Yes, that's me."

"And kept you there several days?"

"Yes, that's me."

"And all the time you had a whisky-jug and took sly drinks out of it?"

"That was me—Jacob."

The last assent was not given with the enthusiasm of the others, for the prisoner was speaking with a freedom which Jacob was scarcely prepared for, and which caused more than one grin among such of the bystanders as were able to understand the words of the colonel.

"And you were as drunk as a hog all the time?"

"Ye—yes, I guess," assented Jacob.

"You rolled about, and we all laughed at you; you got up and tumbled down in the mud; I took your whisky away from you; you cried like a sick papoose; you offered to go out and bring me the scalp of Lone Wolf, if I would let you have all that you could drink of fire-water. I told you no; then you swore, and came at me with a knife; I took the knife from you, just as I would have taken it from a little boy; you cried harder than ever; then I took you by the throat and kicked you till I wore off the ends of my moccasins. Then you came back at night and stole one of my mustangs. Yes—I rather think I know you, Jacob, as the biggest loafer and coward among the Apaches."

It is not often that the Indian laughs, but there were several who, understanding what was said, and translating it rapidly for the others, actually laughed outright.

Poor Jacob was overwhelmed with the ridicule of his companions, who repeated some tantalizing expressions in their own tongue.

Colonel Melville, feeling that the low-browed scamp was one with whom it was impossible to be friends, concluded that he might as well make a whole-souled enemy of him.

"Yes," he added, wishing to drive his arrow home, "the other Apaches are brave warriors, and act like men, but Jacob is a loafer, who is not fit to be with them, and I am sorry that, instead of kicking him out of the ranch, I did not take his scalp and have done with him."

The savage thus berated was so infuriated, that he would have sprung upon Colonel Melville and buried his knife in his heart, had not his comrades forcibly prevented him.

They had sweeter things in store, as they reminded the crazed warrior, speaking in his tongue, that the prisoner might not hear him.

Jacob put away his knife and said, while his eyes gleamed with hatred and exultation:

"We are going to take you to Auka-Yata."

He spoke the truth, and Colonel Melville knew it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WAITING AND WATCHING—THE PURSUIT.

THE party of young folks who had been left on the hill by Colonel Melville, when he went off to make his observation, found themselves compelled to vacate their position, much against their will, before he could return and be communicated with.

It was natural that Dick Harrod should gravitate toward Inez, who was seen at her best this morning.

She was lively and in overflowing spirits, and now that they had reached a point so close to Fort Sheridan, it seemed to her that all danger was passed, and the act of the scouts in going forward was a mere piece of formality, not necessary under the circumstances.

Ned, her brother, was in a scarcely less happy mood. He had stretched out upon the grass, where he was whittling a stick, while he talked with Pomp, who lay on the broad of his back, with his hands clasped behind his head, so that he could get the full glare of the sun without losing a single ray.

Here they were talking lazily, while they waited the return of their friends.

The lovers had also dismounted, and were seated on the soft turf, which their mustangs were nibbling, while the two conversed in that sweet way which is always more interesting to those taking part than it can be to any listeners.

Dick now and then would twist a few spears of grass together, and pulling them up by the roots, throw them aimlessly aside, like one unaware of what he was doing.

Inez was twirling her hat by one of the strings, and rattling away at her young friend in her most characteristic fashion, so that the whole party formed as picturesque and happy a combination as could be found anywhere.

"Yas, I shall feel wery much relieved," said Pomp, in answer to a badgering remark of Ned Melville, "when we get inside ob de fort."

"Why so?"

"I shall hab a great load off my mind. You young folks hain't any idee what a great worrination it hab been to me."

"How do you mean?" continued Ned, as he lazily whittled his stick, and the African, with his hands back of his head, blinked in the sunlight in perfect physical enjoyment.

"How do I mean? Dat's a purty question to ax, when you hab been de cause ob my worrination more dan all de rest."

"Oh! You mean that you have been bothered in keeping us straight and from running into danger?"

"Ob course; and I'd like to know ef dat ain't enough to rack de strongest kind ob brain; come now?"

"There's no use denying what you say; the care of such a large party is enough to drive away all inclination to sleep, and because you slept more than any of us, it shows that you must have had a great brain."

"Dat's whar you and de rest ob de folks hab made a great mistake—dat is, 'bout my sleeping so much. I know I used to lay down on de ground and sorter breeve frough my nose, wid a little music, but I was 'only *purtendin'*, dat's all. I didn't want you folks to know it. I wouldn't tell you now, if we wan't so near de end ob our journey. I always had one eye open, and knowed what was going on, and was ready to bounce up and tell you if dar was anything wrong."

"There ain't many that could do a thing like that, Pomp, and it goes to prove what I said about you."

"What's dat?"

"That you're a wonderful colored gentleman, and there's no telling what would have become of us if you had been away. I suppose that Jim and Mickey often went to you for advice?"

"Sartainly dey did; but dey didn't allers let you folks know 'bout it, for fear dat you would laugh at 'em and make 'em feel bad; but I can tell you dat dey 'plied to me often when dar wan't nobody lookin' on. I rather flatter myself, too, dat I gub 'em some advice dat helped 'em when dey didn't know what to do."

"They ought to be grateful for it."

"Dey orter; and so ort de rest ob dis crowd," said Pomp, with an expression of disgust; "but whar do you find gratitude in dis world? Echo answers dat you don't find it nowhere—not much."

"But they may have it, Pomp, for all that. How would you like them to do, so as to let you know how they feel?"

The African unclasped one of his broad palms and spread it out like an orator illustrating some point in his speech.

"How would I like 'em to show dat dey 'preciate it? Why, by dar 'scribing to my stock dat I hab put on de market to raise funds to go to de Europe wid. Dat would be de way to show dar gratitude in de best style."

"What under the sun do you want to go to Europe for, Pomp?"

"Wall, I hab some wery important business dar," replied the negro, with an important manner; "but being as it's you, and you won't say noffin' 'bout it, I'll tell you, Ned."

"I'll keep it to myself, you may depend."

"You know what a lot of orful stories dat Mickey hab been tellin' for de last two or free years 'bout his doings when he was at home in Ireland. Wall, I hab often tinked dat he was stretchin' de troof, and I want to go ober dar and find how it am."

"That's the most important, is it?"

"Wal, I s'pose it am."

"You ought to go," said Ned, with mock seriousness; "and when father comes back I'll try and persuade him to take a quarter or fifty cents in your stock."

"I don't s'pose you could take a little *yourself*, Ned?" ventured the African, timidly.

"Money is scarce out in these parts, and I don't find much use for it, as father attends to all such matters; but Inez has considerable about her, and I will borrow some of her. How much would you like me to take, Pomp?"

"Wall, I don't like to say, but if you make me do it, I should tink dat you might go ten cents."

"You can consider me pledged to that amount, and I'll ask her for the money as soon as I have a good chance. She and Dick seem to be so much interested in each other, that I won't disturb them just now."

Pomp lolled his head to one side, so as to see the lovers, about a dozen yards distant.

"Shouldn't tink dar was much use ob goin' round dar fur de present. Dem folks don't know whar dey are, and dey don't care nor tink ob anytin' else but demselves. I tell you something that I know, Ned."

"Let's hear it."

"Dar'll soon be a wedding in your family."

"No, there won't, either."

"How de you know dat, and contradict me so mighty peart?"

"You mean Inez, of course. Well, I know very well that father won't let her get married for several years yet, because she is so young—that is, if she wants to be spliced, which she doesn't."

"Don't you s'pose dat she tinks 'nough ob dat young gentleman to take him for her husband?"

"I'm sure I don't know anything about it; but she has got too much sense to tie herself to a husband as soon as she leaves school, even if she could get the consent of father—which she couldn't—so you can rest easy on that score, Pomp."

"Oh, I ain't wery uneasy 'bout it, for no doubt dey can earn a living arterward. I s'pose he can do whitewashing, and she can take in washing, if dey needs much money. But what I war gettin' at am dat dis marriage I was speakin' ob may come in the course ob free or four years, might it not?"

"I shouldn't wonder if it did, judging from the way things look, but it's unsafe to count on such things."

"No, it ain't, either," persisted Pomp. "When I said dar would be a wedding *soon*, I meant in de course ob two, free years; but some folks am so stupid dat dey can't understand what a fellow am drivin' at till he explainifies."

"I can't deny," said Ned, glancing across the little space at the couple, who were oblivious of the presence of anybody else, "that the signs all point that way, but we will leave that question to settle itself. When the time comes, of course Inez will go to you to ask your advice about it."

"Sartinly; she am one ob de mighty few dat seems to 'preciate what I does for de good ob mankind."

"That being the case, you may set it down as certain that you will be among the first to learn their intentions. What do you think of Dick Harrod? I like him."

"Oh, well, he'll do," replied Pomp, with a lofty air. "Dar's a good many wuss men dan Dick Harrod in dis world. I don't know as I will hab much 'bjection to his 'coming the husband of Miss Inez; but afore I gibe my consent I must know more about his private character dan I do now."

"Seems to me, Pomp, that it's about time father was coming back. Do you see anything of him?"

The African raised up and looked around the sky, or rather in the direction of the hill where he was known to be taking his observation.

He, as well as the lad, saw the master, still seated on his mustang, going in the direction of Fort Sheridan.

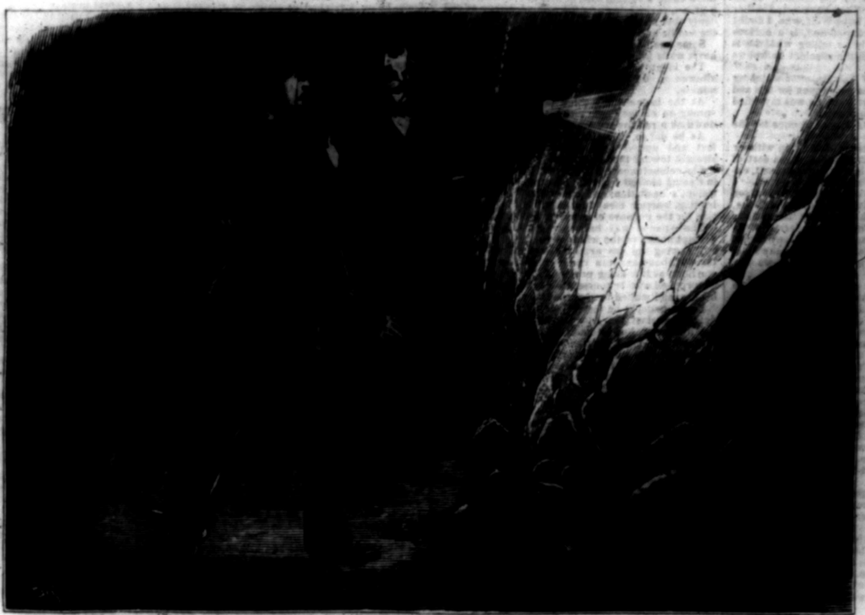
That is, the figure of the horseman was perceived, and they supposed that was his occupation.

Ned's field-glass was with Long Jim, and the only one in the possession of the party was one which Inez owned.

Still there seemed to be no occasion for unusually close scrutiny, and the two did not call it into use.

"It looks as if father has discovered something," remarked Ned, "or he wouldn't stay there so long."

Pomp looked toward him again for a few minutes, as if he was deciding the question, and then replied:



TOPSY-TURVY.—"'BOYS,' SAID HE, IN AN EXCITED TONE, 'DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?' 'NO, WHAT IS IT?' WAS THE REPLY FROM WILCOX. 'IT'S PURE VIRGIN GOLD, AS I'M AN AMERICAN SINNER!'"

"He hain't seen nuffin', 'cause dar ain't nuffin' to see."

It occurred to Ned at this juncture that he had heard the scouts say something about this part of the country being dangerous, and he therefore rose to his feet and scrutinized the horizon in quest of Indian signs. He saw nothing to cause alarm, but he did not feel easy, and he therefore walked over to where his sister was sitting and asked her for her glass.

"You ain't scared, are you, Ned?" asked Dick Harrod, as he took the implement from the lady and handed it to him.

"I don't know as I am; but we ought to keep a better lookout than we are doing; I don't believe that you would see Lone Wolf if he should come galloping this way with twenty-nine warriors."

Dick winked at Inez, as if to say there was a substratum of truth in the rather wild assertion of the audacious youth.

The latter, having delivered his crushing reproof, turned his back on the couple and placed the telescope to his eye.

No one supposed he was going to discover anything, and they went on talking as before.

Pomp, left to himself, let his head drop back upon the grass, so that he might get a little more sunlight in his broad face.

He felt just then as if he wished all the folks would stay away for the rest of the day. He was enjoying himself well enough to remain content for that time.

But the case was different with Ned Melville. Like the mariner at sea, he was scanning every part of the sky, for he began to feel as if this company was left in his care, and he was responsible to a certain extent for its safety.

Dick Harrod and Inez Melvile were talking in the usual lively style when they were arrested by an exclamation from the lad, which was evidently addressed to himself, and certainly indicated some surprise.

"Well, what is it?" asked Dick; "have you found anything?"

"I should think I have; there is a party of Indians trying to circumvent us."

This alarming announcement brought all to their feet, and they crowded around the lad to learn further particulars.

They saw the point of the compass toward which the glass was turned, and they strained their eyes to catch sight of the same thing that had caused the exclamation of the youth.

"I see 'em! I see 'em!" exclaimed Pomp, who was the owner of a pair of good eyes; "*dar dey am!*"

Following the course indicated, they were able to detect on the left a force of horsemen, numbering perhaps twenty, who, beyond question, were Indians.

And being Indians, the inference was that they belonged to Lone Wolf's band of Apaches. Unfortunately the point where those redskins appeared was such that the whites could not go toward Colonel Melville, without shortening very materially the distance between them and their enemies.

All sprang into their saddles without any delay.

"The colonel acts as if he did not see them," said Dick Harrod, scanning him through the telescope.

"How can that be possible?"

"He seems to be watching something in the direction of the fort, and his face is turned away."

"Look," added Pomp; "some ob de red loafers am goin' off toward de colonel, and some ob 'em am comin' toward us."

This was the fact, and the whites saw that their leader was in great danger unless he should speedily awake to his situation.

It seemed impossible that he should not, though Inez and Ned felt not a little anxiety.

As the best thing they could do, Ned yelled at him two or three times to look out for himself, for the Indians were coming.

There would have been some more warnings uttered in this same stentorian voice had time been given.

But before the few minutes thus occupied were gone, it was apparent to the little party that the main company of Apaches were coming for them with a vigor which could not be mistaken.

The Indians were well mounted, and they made no effort to conceal their approach, but aimed straight for the group.

For the latter to remain where they were was to invite capture.

At the same time, the point whence the redskins were coming was such that our friends were forced to run almost directly away from Colonel Melville, whom they were so desirous to meet.

There was no choice, and Dick said, in an excited undertone:

"We'll have to make a run for life; but we can beat them, for our steeds are swifter."

"Can't we go toward the fort?" asked Inez, as they headed away from the redskins.

"There's where the trouble is; we can't go toward the fort nor toward the colonel."

By this time the Apaches were within less than a quarter of a mile, and as the best course for getting clear of them the four headed directly away, which led them almost in a due northerly route.

This was partly back over their own trail, and the very course which they preferred not to take.

It will be remembered that Dick Harrod was mounted on one of the fleetest mustangs of the West—one whose speed he had not seen equaled as yet.

The animals ridden by Inez, her brother and Pomp were nearly, if not quite, as fleet.

It would seem, therefore, that, barring accidents, the whites stood a good chance of leaving their enemies behind.

Ned Melville was allowed to take the lead, while Dick acted as the personal escort of Inez, and the four kept well together as they started off over the prairie.

It was necessary to run but a short distance when the relative speed of the animals was seen.

The whites were riding at a sweeping gait, less than their animals were capable of doing, and they were well satisfied that the Apaches had not gained one foot upon them.

"We are safe," said Dick, loud enough for all to hear him; "they can't touch us."

"Maybe they are holding in their mustangs," suggested Ned, "so as to swoop down on us when we don't expect them."

"I don't care if they are; they can't overtake us; we are better mounted than they ever were."

"But I'd like to know when we is to git our dinner," said Pomp, in a whining voice; "I hain't had nuffin to eat since I can remember, and I feel as if I hadn't nuffin for two months and a half."

There was considerable anxiety for the next ten or fifteen minutes, on account of the possibility that Ned Melville had suggested, and all were engaged in comparing the speed of the animals.

The result was satisfactory in every respect, so far as the fugitives were concerned.

The Apaches had not gained any upon them, and there was cause to believe they had actually lost ground. If this should continue for a few hours, their pursuers must fall hopelessly behind.

There was no reason why such should not be the case, for the mustangs of the whites, besides their fleetness of foot, were comparatively fresh and in good condition.

Well satisfied as to their superior speed, Ned proposed that they should put their animals to their best at once, so as to end the pursuit as soon as possible.

Dick Harrod accepted the suggestion, and the horses were soon going at their highest rate of speed.

When this had been kept up for less than half an hour, the whites had more than doubled the distance between them and the Apaches.

The latter had indulged in a few yells when there was a prospect of overhauling the whites, but those calls had died out some minutes before.

Ned was so confident and jubilant over the style in which they were drawing away from the redskins, that he let out a few of his screaming shouts, which could be heard a mile away over the prairie.

That the redskins might be sure that he meant it for them, he waved his hat over his head, and fired his pistol in air.

"You hadn't orter done dat," said Pomp, who was much displeased with the boyish display of exultation.

"What's the reason I hadn't?"

"Cause it'll make 'em mad, and when folks git mad dar ain't no telling what dey may do."

"And there isn't any one to care in this case."

The Indians acted as if the burst of speed on the part of the fugitives had somewhat discouraged them.

Instead of pressing their mustangs to the utmost, they seemed to slacken their speed and gradually draw off, until they became visible only through the telescope.

By this time the afternoon was well gone, and the whites were a number of miles from their starting-point.

They drew up to decide what should be done.

The thought had not entered their heads that any of their friends who were not with them had suffered anything from the hands of the Apaches—not more at the most than being compelled to change their situation, perhaps.

Close as they saw the redskins approach Colonel Melville, they were well convinced that he had gotten out of their way long before they were close enough to do him any harm.

As for Long Jim Shaito and Mickey O'Rooney, of course no harm could befall them.

Now that they were well clear of their pursuers, the wisest course, as it appeared to all, was to change the direction they had been following, with a view of reaching Fort Sheridan.

They were so far away from the colonel and the scouts that it seemed a waste of time to try and rejoin them. So it was, indeed, a far greater waste than they supposed.

They had gone so far to the north that the most direct course, as it presented itself to them, was to take the back trail and proceed due south.

This they knew better than to do, as it would inevitably bring about a collision with the very warriors from whom they had just escaped.

It was decided, therefore, to turn to the westward, so as to take them around the Apaches, as it may be said, and then, after reaching a safe distance, they would turn to the southward again and keep it up until the latitude of Fort Sheridan was reached.

This was the plan which they attempted, and now we will show how near they came to success.

[To be continued.]

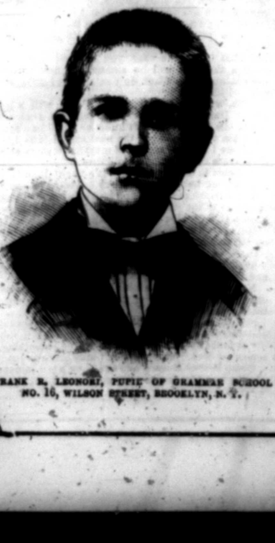
"Long Jim, the Scout" was commenced in No. 682.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

FRANK R. LEONORI,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 16, WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FRANK R. LEONORI is one of the honored pupils of Grammar School No. 16, Wilson Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. When we visited that noted school, the records of each of the more advanced classes were carefully examined by the Principal, Mr. Leonard Dunkly, and the pupils standing best in their entire average were introduced to us. Among them came a manly-looking polite and intelligent boy, with a dark complexion and fine eyes. This was Frank R. Leonori, who had not only the excellent per centage of ninety-five in the highest studies of the school, but a record for excellence of deportment which had stood unblemished during a period of nine years in the same school. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 15th, 1864, making him fifteen years of age. He is the son of Lewis J. and Harriet A. Leonori. When six years old he entered the Primary Department of No. 16, and he has been a member of all of its classes, and at the head of most of them. At the different examinations he has always shown an improvement of the most decided kind, and throughout his whole career has been regarded as a very intelligent and thorough learner. He is very clear-headed and sensible on all occasions, and with a great deal of spirit and force of character, has that true modesty and nobility which make the youthful nature most attractive.

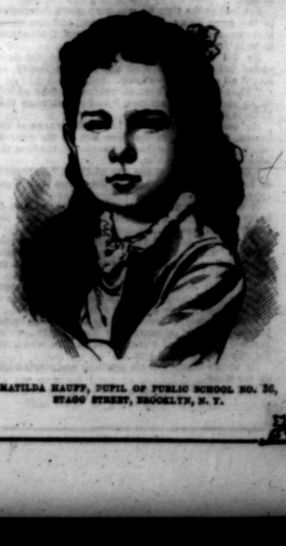


FRANK R. LEONORI, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 16, WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MATILDA HAUFF,

PUPIL OF
PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 36,
STAGG STREET,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MATILDA HAUFF is a girl of marked ability who was presented to us in Public School No. 36, Stagg Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 4th, 1868, and is therefore eleven years of age. She is the daughter of William and Ellen Hauff. She commenced her studies at the early age of five years, in the Remsen Street School, and entered No. 36, in the Primary Department. During the four years she has been in No. 36 she has been advanced through eight classes, and at the close of the recent term was in the studies of the fourth grammar grade. Her teacher, in giving her opinion of Matilda, wrote these words: "A thoughtful, industrious, amiable scholar." In conversation with her we were struck with her well-chosen language, and the clear expression of her ideas. At the same time her modesty and politeness were very beautiful to behold. She is small in stature, but with self-possessed and graceful manners. She takes great pleasure in her studies, and if her life is spared, she will grow up a woman of more than ordinary capacity. Her amiability, tenderness of feeling, and strong affection are shown on all occasions, making her beloved both at home and at school. Young as she is, the term "little woman" is aptly applied to her.



MATILDA HAUFF, PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 36, STAGG STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TOPSY-TURVY;

OR,

The Boy Explorer.

AND

THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAM FALLS HEIR TO A FORTUNE.

THE young explorer had builded better than he knew.

A few days before the occasion of his night excursion with Pierre Flamant, Sam, in chasing a young monkey which he hoped to catch and tame for a pet, had stumbled upon the ledge which skirted the side of the bluff overhanging the glen.

On reaching the extremity of this ledge he had discovered an opening in the rock, completely hidden from casual examination by a mass of vines, which hung from above, forming a curtain.

On finding that the gold locality was so near the cave which he imagined to exist behind this opening, the boy concluded to secrete himself within the latter, and, having made a confederate of Pierre, with his assistance scare the gold-hunters when next they should visit the place, by noises intended to suggest the existence in the neighborhood of a native race of beings.

But at night, when Sam reached the opening, thinking he might as well play a trick on Pierre to get himself into practice, he swung himself quickly within it, thoughtlessly neglecting to sound its depth and the character of the place to which it gave entrance.

He had expected to strike the floor of the cave at once, but instead of that, his hands slipped; he felt himself falling down, down, as if in a nightmare, and the next moment, as he struck bottom, he became insensible.

When he came to himself, Sam was for a moment utterly at a loss. Then his eye caught a ray of light shining through the aperture above, and presently his memory came back to him, and he understood, from the height of the opening above him, what a fall he must have had.

Rising, he stretched his limbs, and as none of them were broken, though he was considerably bruised, he came to the conclusion that he must have been let down comparatively easy. This was the fact, for his fall, which would else have been serious, had been broken by a projecting bank of earth and brush about half way to the bottom of the cavern. Of course, Sam shouted for Pierre as soon as he could collect his scattered faculties; but by this time Pierre was well on his way to camp, and the lad might shout in vain. Concluding that his companion had gone for help, he soon stopped shouting, that he might save his voice until shouting would be of use to him. The light from above penetrated but a little ray into the cavern, and Sam did not care to move about much, being uncertain what he might encounter. So he sat pretty still, and after what seemed very long time, was rewarded for his patience by hearing the sound of voices. In a few moments the opening above was darkened as some one came before it—and then Sam shouted at the top of his voice. He was answered by Captain Wortendyke, and soon made known his situation.

"Are you much hurt?" cried the captain.

"Not a bit," said Sam; "only tired, and got the rheumatis from sitting here in the damp, Captain 'Dyke," he continued.

"What is it, my son?" returned the hearty voice of Captain Wortendyke from above.

"Have you got a lantern?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, send that down by a rope, first, won't you—so that I can see how to get out? It's as dark as a pocket down here."

A dark lantern was speedily lowered down, and Sam untied it from the end of the rope and opened it. As he did so he was nearly blinded, and for a moment could not imagine what created such an illumination.

From one side of the cavern the light was reflected with such brilliancy that its rays penetrated in every direction.

"Pshaw! It's mica," said Sam, aloud, after he had paused for a moment in his inspection of his new quarters. In fact, he concluded that this exhibition was occasioned simply by his having got within sight of strata of micaceous earth, and accordingly thought no more of it.

Examining the cavern, he found it to be of considerable size. Its depth was not less than forty feet, and as his broken fall had compassed about twenty feet of this descent, he wondered at his bones not being broken.

The breadth to the rear wall was about sixty feet, and Sam estimated the length to be at least a hundred, so that it was quite a sizable cave.

His estimates were made in much less time than it takes to relate them, but he soon heard Captain Wortendyke's voice calling to him:

"What makes it so light down there?"

"Something shiny in the side of the cave," answered Sam. "Mica, I guess."

"Is it easy getting down there?" was the next question, this time from the *Herald* correspondent, who had put his head through the aperture and was contemplating a visit.

"It was easy enough for me to get down," said Sam, dryly; and then there was a general laugh above at Wilcox's expense.

"I don't think I'll try that way," said the latter, "but going down I am."

As Captain Wortendyke had no objection to doing the same thing, a stout rope which had been brought by the party was fastened to a tree at the top of the bluff, and the captain concluding to go down first, he tied the other end about his waist, and the others holding fast and paying out as he directed, he soon worked himself down by using his feet against the wall.

His first care was for Sam.

"Well, my boy, you're sure you're not hurt?"

Sam slapped himself all over, and jumped about the bottom of the cave as spry as usual.

"Curious how you get so much light, said the captain, next, and taking the lantern in his hand, he started for the rear of the cavern to examine into the cause of this phenomenon.

While he was thus engaged, Wilcox was letting himself down the rope hand over hand, and Greenough, above, was preparing to follow him.

Both reached the bottom in safety, and the latter examined Sam with considerable solicitude, being greatly relieved at last to find that he was really unhurt.

An exclamation from Captain Wortendyke attracted the attention of the others, and they went to where he was picking at the stones and dirt with his knife.

"Hold the lantern, will you, Sam?" he said, as they joined him.

Sam did so, and the captain continued working with his knife until he had dug out a lump of dirt, when he proceeded to inspect it carefully, holding it close to the lantern as he did so.

He looked up in a moment.

"Boys," said he, in an excited tone, "do you know what that is?"

"No; what is it?" was the reply from Wilcox.

"It's pure virgin gold, as I'm an American sinner!"

And so it was.

And on examination, the whole face of that side of this marvelous cavern was found to be composed of a species of earth, decomposed slate and quartz, so rich in gold as to have produced the remarkable reflection which so multiplied the light of one small lantern as to make the unexpected illumination which had so astonished Sam on first observing it.

They now all went to work hunting for specimens, and had not been engaged in this employment but a few moments when, with a shout of triumph, Sam dug out a veritable gold nugget, weighing at least a quarter of a pound.

"That will do for me," said Wilcox. "I'm going ashore!" and he started for the rope.

"What's your hurry?" asked the captain.

"Why, it's only an aggravation," responded the *Herald* correspondent. "It will never be of any use to us, and I've seen all I want to;" and he began to climb with a will.

"*Won't* it be of any use?" cried Captain Wortendyke. "However, we know where it is, and we might as well return and relieve the minds of the rest about this boy. I tell you what it is, Sam, it isn't often one can *tumble into* a gold mine, literally, as you have done," and he clapped Sam on the shoulder, heartily, as he spoke.

It was not very difficult climbing, and they were soon all outside of the cave, where they found Pierre and Terence, sitting quietly on the ledge, waiting for them.

"Terence, your fortune's made," said Wilcox, as he crawled through the opening.

"An' is it, sir? Thin I'm moighty glad to hear it, for I believe I'd make a poor job uv makin' it mesilf."

"We've found a gold mine, Terence," was Captain Wortendyke's salutation, as he, too, made his appearance, and turned to help Sam, who followed him.

"A goold mine, is it? Well, thin, yer might foind a worse thing. Though, axin' yer honor's pardon, what will we be doin' wid the goold, an' we nixt to the North Poole, an' no shops, nor aven a thramp, to give it to?"

"That's just my idea," said Wilcox.

"Don't you fret yourself! You will live to spend all you can carry home," was the retort of Captain Wortendyke.

"The divil a doubt of it—whin it's not likely we'll iver git home."

A loud laugh followed this speech, and the party set out for camp.

On their way they met Captain St. Clair and Doctor Beaumont, who had become uneasy about Sam, who was a general favorite.

They welcomed him very warmly, and the rest of the journey was passed in recounting his adventures and his wonderful discovery.

Arrived at the camp, the ladies, who had risen, and were greatly concerned at the news of Sam's disappearance, made every demonstration of pleasure on seeing him. It was by this breakfast-time, and Pierre was soon busy in his preparations. Over the breakfast-table the whole matter of the gold mine was discussed.

Doctor Beaumont and the professor were in favor of commencing mining operations at once, and on their side were Captain St. Clair, Captain Wortendyke and Sam. Lieutenant De Vergne opposed this as useless, having apparently made up his mind that they were not likely to soon require the services of gold. Wilcox and Greenough were of his way of thinking, as was also the Irishman, though he said nothing, out of respect to the "boss," as he called Captain St. Clair; and Lieutenant Jasper, of course, took the side of his superior officer.

Pierre, on being asked his opinion—since the vote was getting so close—declared that he did not expect ever to spend a five-franc piece again, as long as he lived. This made the vote six to five, and the ladies were now appealed to with considerable interest.

Indeed, the question began to assume importance as giving the opinions of the entire party as to their future prospects.

Mrs. Houghton, after a little consideration, responded that she "Scarcely thought it worth while to search for gold, since, even if they found it, and got away themselves from this part of the world, they could scarcely carry very much of such a heavy article with them."

On hearing this Captain St. Clair looked disappointed, and Lieutenant De Verne and Wilcox elated.

"Six to six, and Miss Emmeline has the casting vote," shouted Sam, who had been counting.

"And, oh! dear me, there are thirteen of us!" cried Emmeline, clasping her hands together.

Everybody was silent for a moment, while each one counted the party to make sure.

There was no mistake, and the party numbered the fatal thirteen.

"Oh, bother!" said Wilcox, presently, "who cares for superstition? Why, I am a thirteenth child."

"Any of the rest dead?" asked the professor.

"All of them," was the reply. "Died before I was born."

No one could help laughing at this peculiar kind of consolation, and they threw off the impression of the ominous number as Sam called upon Emmeline to give her "vote for or against the gold diggin's."

Emmeline hesitated for a moment, thinking, then she said, emphatically:

"You never can make me believe that we are not going to get back to the civilized world some time. And as for getting the gold away with us, why, I am sure there are trees enough here to make a ship, if we want to do so."

"Bravo!" cried Captain St. Clair.

"Spoken like a true American. We will never give up, Miss Emmeline, and, as you say, we can get to work and build ourselves a ship, if need be. Yours is the casting vote, and we will get the gold out—or as much of it as we desire, and if we have to leave it behind, we shall not break our hearts."

The idea, idly suggested by Emmeline, of building a ship to take them back to civilization, rested in the mind of Captain Wortendyke, as well as of the British captain, though he said nothing.

In fact, the whole matter of departure from the island or remaining on it was one that had got to be considered.

The gentlemen of the party had already had serious discussions as to the advisability of once more trusting themselves to the boats; but the very serious doubts which presented themselves concerning the course of the current prevented them from deciding on that course.

Besides which, their comfortable and agreeable situation offered them no good reason for haste as to their future movements.

Now, all was excitement about the gold-mining.

The minority had yielded gracefully, and entered into the spirit of the affair with as much zest as the others. It was concluded to commence operations at once.

THE CHUMS AT HARVARD COLLEGE.—"THE OLD MAN KNELT ON THE LANDING-STAGE, AND STEADIED THE CANOE AS SHE STEPPED IN."—SEE PAGE 75.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"JEANNETTE" ISLAND GETS A GOVERNMENT.

AN examination of Sam's cavern was made on the day following its discovery, at which Lieutenant De Vergne officiated with such engineering tools as he could fabricate.

The first conclusion reached was to the effect that an opening could be made in the front wall on a level with the bottom of the cave, and which would give access from the glen and into the brook, which was quite deep enough to admit of the passage of the *Last Hope*. By this means everything that was necessary could be carried from the camp by water direct to the scene of mining operations, while the product of the latter could be as easily transferred back to camp.

The boat was accordingly laden with provisions and tools, and Lieutenant Jasper and Terence undertook to row her round through the creek and the lagoon to the mouth of the brook, near which point was the cavern.

All of this took another day to prepare, but at length all was ready. The ladies determined to make a picnic on the occasion, and materials for a banquet in the woods were provided with due care.

The entire party, excepting Jasper and Terence, went by way of the woods, and arrived at the spot earliest. But the boat was not long behind, and soon Terence appeared at the bluff to obtain assistance in getting her up the course of the brook, which ran rather swiftly.

The two young men, with Sam and Pierre, were told off for this duty, and soon, by means of ropes and hard pulling, they succeeded in dragging the *Last Hope* to the foot of the bluff, where she was securely fastened.

A spot was now selected by Lieutenant De Vergne, and the operation of breaking a new entrance into the cave was commenced, all assisting except Pierre, who had built a fire and was preparing for the noonday meal.

The wall at this point was about two feet thick, and being clay and slate, was easily pierced, picks and shovels having been thrown into the *Last Hope* on the night of the escape from the snow hut. Indeed, in less than an hour a large opening had been made, and the ladies were introduced to the cavern, which they made resound with their loud exclamations of surprise and delight.

A fire was built on the floor of the cave to relieve it from dampness, and by the light of this the gold-bespangled interior made a most brilliant illumination.

A hearty meal under the trees was enjoyed by all of the party, and then work was commenced on the interior of the cave.

The earth was friable and easily removed, and was found to be richer in gold than even it had appeared at the surface.

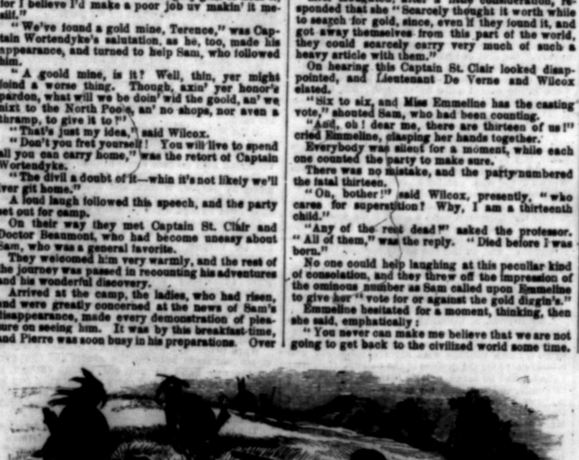
While two or three of the men picked and shoveled at this the others separated and cleansed the metallic particles, a kind of "cradle" having been made for this purpose, under the direction of Captain Wortendyke, who had had experience in gold-mining both in California and Australia.

Sam, too, found his Colorado life of use to him now, and showed himself to be quite a practical miner.

The first day's work resulted in an estimated return of about six thousand dollars. This made an average of about thirty ounces apiece, but of this Professor Corbeau had furnished more than his share, having, by peculiar good fortune, come upon a solid "nugget" weighing about sixty ounces, and which Captain Wortendyke estimated to be worth nearly a thousand dollars.

A week's work at gold-mining rather took the romance out of it, and it was concluded to rest for a while.

On summing up the results of the six days it was found that nearly half a ton of gold had been extracted, valued at about two hundred thousand dollars. As it had been determined from the first to



LONG JIM, THE SCOUT.—"THE COLONEL, WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION, AND UNDER THE BELIEF THAT THE LEADING WARRIOR MEANT TO TAKE HIS LIFE, RAISED HIS RIFLE FOR THE PURPOSE OF SHOOTING HIM DEAD."—SEE PAGE 70.

divide the product equally among all the party, not excluding Terence and Pierre Flamont, this would allow about fifteen thousand dollars for each one.

"A fair enough showing, I admit," said the *Herald* correspondent, on the Saturday night when they were all seated around the table at camp. "But I suggest that we call it a million apiece, and don't work any more."

"You don't appear to like gold-mining, Mr. Wilcox?" said Emmeline.

"Not under present circumstances. I think as I thought at first, it is an aggravation."

"That reminds me," said Captain St. Clair, "of Miss Houghton's suggestion about building a ship. I am satisfied of the correctness of one statement—you made it, madam, I think," he continued, addressing Mrs. Houghton; "which was to the effect that we would not be able to carry away a very large quantity of gold with us in the boat. Now, I have never really expected to get away from here in the boat."

"Why, how then?" inquired Captain Wortendyke.

"By some vessel coming up by accident, as we did, and taking us off. Indeed, I have been very much surprised that we have seen none as yet. There is no good reason for it that I can think of. But if this should not happen we might as well be prepared, and I think well of the ship-building idea."

"But, my dear sir," interrupted Lieutenant De Vergne, and returning to the captain's previous remark, "there is no use in attempting to reason when we have no knowledge of the facts as they exist at present. By this time solid ice may have settled outside of this circle, and it may be impossible for the current to get through."

"That reminds me," said Sam, "that yesterday I was down to the mouth of that cañon that your boat came up in, and I threw a piece of wood into the place where the current was."

"And what was the result?" asked Captain St. Clair, eagerly.

"Why, it did not go any faster than it would be likely to go anywhere in the sea."

"That is a very important fact, young man," here put in Professor Corbeau, "for it goes to show that the first force of the current has spent itself, and Lieutenant De Vergne may be quite right, and this tropical region surrounded by this time by a belt of solid field-ice, impossible to penetrate."

"Oh, professor, how horrible!" cried Mrs. Houghton; "and shall we have to go through all that freezing experience again before we can get out of here?"

"It looks dreadfully like it," remarked Wilcox; "but I don't know as I mind."

And he looked at Emmeline sweetly, which made that young coquette blush.

The truth compels the statement that the young lady in question was rapidly developing into an unconscionable flirt. Not even his discovery of the gold cavern had enabled Sam to retain her affections, and she had pronounced for the *Herald* correspondent in a fashion which had quite charmed that modest and sensitive individual.

But the fickleness of the daughter was amply atoned for by the fidelity of the mother. Not all of Lieutenant De Vergne's charming—"charm he never so wisely"—could withdraw the fair widow from her determination in favor of Captain St. Clair.

The latter was deeply interested in his fair traveling companion, and at length could not but perceive that the feeling was mutual. He lost little time in satisfying himself as to this, and at the period of our story to which we have now arrived, it was generally understood that these two were engaged.

Under such circumstances, and as such was the case, it may be imagined that the feelings of the captain and Mrs. Houghton were not rendered more agreeable on learning of the result of Sam's experiment on the current. The more particularly, since on trying it for himself the captain found that the boy's statement had been correct. He even took the *Last Hope*, and with Jasper paddled out to where the current had been—only to find that it existed no longer.

This was the more serious, as Captain St. Clair had made sure that some vessel would certainly find them out, and besides his desire to return to civilization, he was anxious to get married. The widow had given her consent, and the only obstacle that stood in their way consisted in the fact that there was no one within reach to marry them.

One morning a few days after the week of gold-mining, Captain Wortendyke requested the company of Captain St. Clair to inspect some trees which he had found, and which he suspected were *teak*, an East Indian wood, greatly esteemed for ship-building.

The English captain readily complied, and the two set forth on their ramble.

These two gentlemen had learned to respect each other greatly, and the chief object of the American in suggesting the excursion was that he might do his friend a favor, if possible.

After a few words of general conversation, Captain Wortendyke approached the subject he had most at heart by saying:

"Wilcox seems to be greatly taken wth Miss Emmeline, captain?"

"Yes; they are all taken in turn," was the reply; "she is a natural flirt, though an exceedingly good girl, in fact. But she will have her little amusement with the young men. She means nothing—nor they, I think; but it worries her mother, and I wish it could be avoided or prevented."

"The young lady requires a firm hand to control her," remarked Captain Wortendyke, with a sly glance at the Englishman.

Captain St. Clair looked conscious, but he said nothing. Presently the American continued:

"Without wishing to intrude, I understand you are to be congratulated."

"Thank you. Yes, Emmeline communicated it in strict secrecy to Mr. Wilcox. Fancy telling a secret to a newspaper correspondent! However, her mother and I have no objection to having the fact known. It looks now as if we would get no nearer our wish."

And the captain sighed.

"What would you say if I showed you a way out of your difficulty?" said Captain Wortendyke, in an impressive tone.

"What do you mean? The only way out is marriage, and you would find it difficult, I fancy, to discover a clergyman in this locality."

"My dear sir, it is possible to dispense with a clergyman."

"Sir!" almost shouted Captain St. Clair, turning and stopping short in front of his companion.

"Keep cool," laughed the American. "No impropriety intended. You really ought to know me better than to suppose such a thing."

"I beg your pardon," said the English captain, and he walked on beside the other, waiting to hear his explanation.

"Captain, are you aware that this island is American territory?"

Captain St. Clair paused again, and said:

"I remember your first speech to Professor Corbeau when we landed, so I suppose you claim it by right of discovery."

"Exactly. When our boat landed I was the first ashore, and I planted the American flag in the soil, claiming the land as American territory. The claim was allowed by my French companions, and the flag was erected on a pole beside our hut."

"Where it has floated ever since," interrupted Captain St. Clair, "and I concede American authority in the premises—what of it?"

"A great deal of it," returned the American, "and particularly in reference to your case. I don't know as you are aware of the fact, but in the United States a marriage by a magistrate is legal and valid, without the intervention of a clergyman."

"I have heard that this was the case," responded Captain St. Clair, "but as we are equally without a magistrate in this colony, I don't exactly see how the knowledge benefits me."

"Quite true. But it is comparatively easy to obtain a magistrate."

"How so, in the name of goodness?"

"Create one."

"How, and who is to do it? No one can create a magistrate but one in official authority."

"Very well. Invest me with the official authority by making me governor of this island; I appoint a magistrate; the magistrate marries Mrs. Houghton to Captain St. Clair, and the whole affair is concluded."

Captain St. Clair stopped short. He stood for a moment thinking, then he burst into a roar of laughter, and seizing Captain Wortendyke's hand, wrung it as if he was trying to shake it off.

"Talk about 'Yankee invention' after that," he said. "Why, captain, there is not the slightest difficulty in they way—is there?"

"Not the least. Of course, you understand that I have no desire for the official position, and recognize that as captain of an English frigate, besides having command of a larger party than ours, you are entitled to it."

"No, no; you took the island for your own country, and I think you have a right to rank us all," said the Englishman.

"But my reason for the proposition," continued Captain Wortendyke, "is that it would not appear so well for the governor of the island to be created that he might appoint a magistrate to officiate at his own marriage ceremony."

Captain St. Clair laughed louder than ever at this, and his companion joining him, they made the woods resound, and scared the monkeys in the trees nearly into fits.

The two officers continued their walk, discussing the new suggestion as they went, and arranged the preliminaries for the colonial government that was to be. At length they reached the grove of trees which Captain Wortendyke had discovered, and these proved to be, on examination, as he had supposed, the veritable East Indian teak, and invaluable for shipbuilding.

It was at once determined to proceed to cut sufficient of this timber to build a vessel large enough to carry the entire party, with all the gold they might wish to carry with them—at least in the direction of some inhabited and civilized region, trusting the rest to Providence.

On returning to the camp, it being still some time before dinner, and the whole population of the island being present, Captain St. Clair—who had already broached the subject to Lieutenant De Vergne—called the company together and proceeded to address them.

After a few preliminary remarks as to the necessity for some organization and form of government he proceeded to advise that a governor be elected by the vote of the entire colony, with the usual powers prescribed for the position. At the same time he advised his hearers that as the island was an undoubted American possession by "right of discovery," the first governor should be an American, and nominated Captain Wortendyke for the office.

The entire scheme took all but the three who were in the secret quite by surprise; but all were delighted with the proposition, and as Captain Wortendyke was a general favorite, his nomination was received with acclamations.

The American captain modestly declined in favor of Lieutenant De Vergne, the ranking officer of his party, but as the latter refused to accept the position, the question was put to a vote, when Captain Wortendyke was declared unanimously elected "Governor of Jeannette Island."

A seat was placed under the staff from which floated the American flag; a small table was placed beside it, on which was laid the only Bible in the possession of the colonists (the property of Mrs. Houghton), and on this the newly-elected Governor was "sworn in."

Everybody cheered, everybody shook hands with everybody else, and then Governor Wortendyke proceeded to deliver his inaugural address.

It was brief and to the point. Here it is:

"My friends, in thanking you for the honor you have done my country through me, its humble representative, I beg to assure you that I shall seek to fill my new position with dignity, propriety, and a just regard for the desires of the colony. (Cheers.) I shall inflict no taxes, ask no revenue, subsidize no railroads, and establish no custom-houses. I shall make only two appointments. One as secretary for the colony, to which high office I hereby appoint Mr. Theodore Wilcox. (Cheers.) My second appointment will be the important one of magistrate, to which I have the honor to name the distinguished scientist, Professor Corbeau. It will be the duty of this gentleman to see to the execution of the laws which I shall frame, and excepting that I shall expect him to exclude all newspaper correspondents from the camp——" (Loud cries, "Oh, oh!" and "How about your secretary in time of war?") (Laughter.)—"I shall trust that his duties will not be burdensome. My friends, thanking you once more for the honor of your election, I willingly assume the onerous duties of my position."

This oration produced a marked impression, and was taken down in short-hand by the *Herald* correspondent for future use.

But this young gentleman was immediately called upon to perform his first official act, which consisted in making out appointments for Professor Corbeau and himself, to be duly signed by the governor-elect. The day which witnessed the organization of a government for Jeannette Island was marked down in the memories of those present as a most important one. But no one—unless, perhaps, it were Mrs. Houghton—suspected the nature of the second act in the comedy-drama which was being performed, and which had been set down for the morrow by the managers.

In the morning the new magistrate was duly sworn into office, and introduced by the governor to the colonists as Mr. Justice Corbeau.

The obese professor accepted the office with a very marked accession of dignity. Placing his spectacles on his nose, he seated himself before a table, under a spreading palm-tree, and professed himself ready for business.

But he was quite unprepared for the first demand which was made upon him.

Approaching the bar of justice, cap in hand, the captain of the English frigate addressed the magistrate, requesting his aid in an important matter.

"Ah, no complaint, I hope," observed the newly installed representative of the High Court of Jeannette Island.

"No, your honor, no complaint; on the contrary, this is a request."

"Captain, consider it granted—that is, the Court will look into the matter. Proceed."

"I desire simply to ask that your honor will officiate at the contract——"

"Oh, a contract! Certainly; who are the contracting parties?"

Here Captain St. Clair stepped to one side, and returned, bearing Mrs. Houghton, blushing, on his arm. Both bowed low, while a murmur of astonishment was heard among the colonists, who were standing about.

Mr. Justice Corbeau looked in amazement at the pair who stood before him. Then he removed his spectacles from his nose, wiped them carefully in his handkerchief, replaced them, and looked again, completely mystified.

"Am I to understand——" he began.

"Yes, your honor, precisely; this lady and myself——"

"Then this is to be a contract of marriage?"

"By your leave."

The professor blew his nose and looked helplessly at the governor, who was seated on a large rock near by, and who pretended not to see him.

Then he looked at his secretary, who seemed to be busily employed in taking notes.

"Your excellency," he said to the governor, "may I have the privilege of a word?"

His excellency professed his willingness to confer with the court, and a few minutes were passed in consultation. Then the magistrate, all his doubts apparently removed, returned to his seat.

"Pardon me, madam, for keeping you waiting," he said, "but these affairs are serious, and it is necessary that the strict law of the land under whose dominion we are at present acting should be carried out to the letter. I am now ready to perform the function which is imposed upon me."

At the request of the magistrate the two joined hands, when a few words of contract were read aloud by the secretary, to which they subscribed then and there.

Then the magistrate insisted on his privilege of kissing the bride, which was willingly acceded to, and then the happy pair received the congratulations of the assembled party, and the first marriage on Jeannette Island was an accomplished fact.

As the affair had been kept a close secret from all but those chiefly interested, a great deal of astonishment and much amusement followed.

Pierre Flamont was ordered to prepare a wedding banquet in his best style, and to this the company sat down a few hours later, and the rest of the day was given up to merry-making, to which Lieutenant Jasper and his cornet contributed not a little.

The affairs of the little colony now progressed with much more system than formerly, the mere fact of having a government and authority vested in some one seeming to incite each member to more systematic effort in his own direction.

One notable effect was observable in the fact. Emmeline now became much less wayward and coquettish than before, without losing any of her charm by the change. There was a certain dignity about Captain St. Clair, which, now that he was the young lady's stepfather, acted as a restraint, without any apparent effort on his part.

There was now no more pitting one young man against the other in the race for favor, and if there was any favor shown it was scarcely discernible.

It did appear, though, as if the many entertaining and attractive qualities of the *Herald* correspondent had at last made an impression on the wayward regard of the girl, and among the older heads it was considered that in time he would probably win the race.

In the meanwhile, preparations had gone on toward cutting down timber for the proposed vessel, and the mining operations of the party had been continued with success equal to their beginning.

The latter were conducted by Captain St. Clair, aided by Jasper, Wilcox and Professor Corbeau, the two dignitaries of the colony having dropped their titles except when officially engaged.

The timber-cutting was under the direction of Captain Wortendyke, who was assisted by Lieutenant De Vergne, Greenough, Terence and Pierre Flamont—when the latter could be spared from his culinary operations. Doctor Beaumont and Sam were considered privileged persons and unattached. They devoted themselves to helping one or the other party of workers, as occasion required them, spending much of their time, however, in hunting and fishing to supply food for the colony.

Work proceeded bravely, and it became a matter of amused strife between the miners and choppers on the one hand to get out timber enough to build a vessel that could carry all the gold dug by the miners; and on the other to get out more gold than a vessel constructed in the same time could accommodate.

The only tools in the possession of the foresters were three axes, which had fortunately formed a portion of Captain Wortendyke's tool-chest, and a single plane, which turned up in company with a wood-saw in the heterogeneous collection on board the *Last Hope*.

But with these tools good work was done, and when Sam succeeded in training four goats to drag the timber to the creek beside which it was concluded to build, the colony felt quite proud of their achievements.

But their labors were destined to be interrupted by an occurrence little anticipated by any one, and which was to alter the entire prospects of Jeannette Island and its inhabitants.

The sea around the north shore of the island was now quite without current, and here Sam and Doctor Beaumont went almost daily to fish; but they had not as yet tried the south shore, and thither, on one pleasant morning, they directed the boat's head—they were using the *Admiral*—designing to seek out a new fishing-ground, as the old one had been by this time pretty well fished, and the fish were getting scarce.

They found a secure anchorage, although the sea was a little rougher on this side, and soon succeeded in taking a large number of their finny prey. They had grown nearly tired of the sport, and concluded to haul up the anchor and return to camp, when Sam's attention was attracted by something floating on the water close to the shore, and he pointed it out to his companion.

"What do you suppose that is, doctor?" said Sam.

The doctor shaded his eyes from the sun and looked.

"I should say it was a box of some kind. Let us go and see."

The anchor was taken up and the boat's head directed toward the shore, where they presently arrived.

They object which they had seen proved to be a box about a foot long, and half as wide and deep, locked.

It was nothing belonging to the *Admiral*, of that both Doctor Beaumont and Sam felt quite certain. But it might have been thrown from the *Last Hope* by the monkeys when they had possession of her, so they concluded to carry it to camp without opening it.

They reached camp just before dinner-time, and as everybody had come in from work, they carried the box up to the "court-room," as it was called, and requested the magistrate to investigate the matter.

Mr. Justice Corbeau accordingly took the bench, and Mr. Secretary Wilcox announced the discovery, and called for an owner for the box.

No one claimed it.

One by one the passengers of the *Last Hope* came up to the table and examined it, but it was soon decisively stated that it did not belong to any one of the colonists.

The magistrate then ordered that the box should be broken open, which was accordingly done by Sam.

It was apparently a sailor's box, and contained the usual small collection of useful articles to be found in such cases—needles and thread, a "palm," wax, a plug of tobacco, a jack-knife, and a small Bible, printed in Danish.

"Evidently," said Captain St. Clair, "a Danish whaler has lost this overboard, or been wrecked, and the current has brought it to our shores."

This was accepted as a sound explanation. There was no name in the Bible, or elsewhere about the box or its contents, to indicate its owner, so Mr. Justice Corbeau decided that the property should be divided between the finders, to the general amusement.

But Sam was not quite satisfied with the general conclusion.

He was a quick-witted boy, and he thought that if this box had been in the water a very long time—as must have been the case if its loss occurred in an ordinary whaling voyage, since no whaler had ever been so far north—it would show signs of rough usage, and would have been battered about by the sea and on the rocks of the beach sufficient to insure this.

So, without knowing exactly why he did it, the boy took to climbing the slightest point on the island—the bluff by the lagoon, and scanning the horizon with Captain St. Clair's spyglass.

For this he was rather laughed at by the others, Wilcox asking him if he was "waiting for the ferry-boat."

Sam's reply being that he was "looking out for the *Herald's* steam yacht," Wilcox found the laugh against him.

Sam persisted, and day after day, neglecting fishing and shooting alike, he perched himself on a crag in the bluff and watched the sea.

The new vessel was progressing rapidly.

The keel was laid, and her timbers placed as scientifically as possible—considering the want of proper tools—and pretty soon she began to exhibit the lines of a pretty fair model. She was sixty feet long and twenty feet broad in the beam, and was to be sloop-rigged.

Captain Wortendyke was as proud of her as he would have been of any yacht that ever sailed out of New York—even before he had her hull half finished.

All, indeed, took real interest in the work, and Mrs. St. Clair and Emmeline were constantly seated under the trees on the bank of the creek, watching the ship-builders.

The gold-miners felt themselves quite overlooked by the ladies, but Mrs. St. Clair said with truth that it was much more pleasant under the trees by the pretty creek, watching the men wielding their axes, than in the dark glen, peering into a cavern, seeing nothing except the dirty work of extracting the metal and washing it in the cradle in the stream.

As Captain St. Clair discovered he was going to lose the society of his wife, he exchanged with Lieutenant De Vergne and joined the ship-builders, and then all were satisfied.

The cavern was much nearer the lagoon than the spot where the ship-building was going on, and one morning Wilcox, who had charge of the cradle in the brook, heard loud shouting in that direction.

He answered the shouts, which were at once repeated, and were evidently drawing nearer, and in a few moments he saw Sam running as fast as possible in the direction of the miners.

As the boy drew near, Wilcox could see that he was pale and excited. Indeed, he could scarcely speak, so much was he exhausted by his hurry down hill and over the distance to the cave.

When Wilcox could make out his words they were:

"*A ship! A ship!* She's sailing right this way!"

Wilcox cried aloud to the others, and dropping his work, flew toward the bluff. The news sped along the creek. In five minutes from the first appearance of the boy all were on their way at full speed in the direction of the bluff. Sam was right.

As they reached the point in question, there could be plainly seen, and evidently heading toward the island, a vessel, bark-rigged, which, as she drew nearer, appeared to have been badly used by the weather. Her sails were rusty and torn. So near she came that it could be seen how her hull was devoid of paint. Many of her spars were gone, and others were spliced and mended.

She came head on, but when within about two miles of the shore she yawed, and Sam cried out:

"Why, she's a steamer!"

And, in fact, her smoke-stack could be plainly seen, but with no smoke issuing from it.

Wilcox had been manifesting considerable excitement for some time, moving nervously about, and muttering to himself, and otherwise seeming more disturbed than the rest—though all were, of course, thrown rather off their balance by this unexpected and important incident.

"Captain," said he, as he saw the smoke-stack, "let me look through your glass a moment."

Captain St. Clair did so.

The *Herald* correspondent looked through it intently for an instant, then he closed it with a bang.

"Do you know what steamer that is?"

"No," shouted all the others, in chorus, it was so plain that the young man's excitement was genuine.

"*It's the Jeannette!*"

[To be continued.]

"Topsy-Turvy" was commenced in No. [illegible]

The Chums at Harvard College.

(A SEQUEL TO ORVILLE AND DAN.)

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

Author of "KEEP YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE BEN," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT NELLIE DID FOR HER BROTHERS.

LAKE QUINSIGAMOND was alive with boats, barges and yachts; the little steamer, decked with bunting and crowded with passengers, went snorting and hissing through the tiny waves that glinted on the surface of the blue water; the windows, piazza and roof of the hotel were packed with a well-dressed and excited mass of humanity; the causeway leading to the island was like a bouquet with men and women wearing the rival colors, and every inch of Regatta Point was occupied with spectators, who, even at that early hour, were on hand to witness the coming struggle.

While the crews are assembling from their various training-quarters on the shore we will return to Nellie and Rose, and explain the cause of their visit to the farmhouse.

The night had been warm, and the girls, who were unused to so much excitement, somewhat feverish, so they had risen early and taken seats on the balcony above the veranda of the hotel. It was then nearly five o'clock, spite of which a number of persons were about, among them being Radway Morrice, who moved hither and thither as though he had most important business on hand.

The young ladies were silently admiring the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and watching the rays of the sun steal over the water, when some one below uttered the name of Fillamore, coupled with an exclamation that caused the listeners to start and glance at one another with alarm.

The pillars of the balcony were thickly twined with ivy and bitter-sweet, the foliage of which was so dense that it completely hid those above from the view of any one beneath.

Nellie motioned her sister not to speak, and rising, moved to the railing, where she heard the following conversation:

"Those —— Fillamores will enable Harvard to win. Something must be done, Morrice."

"Confound the scrubs," grumbled the ex-sophomore. "They met me on my way here and we had a row; were it not for that I'd be able to do what you want. As it is, if I showed myself they'd know it was a trick. We've got to spring that on them just before they start."

"I tell you what I'll do," murmured the other, lowering the tone of his voice; "I'll dress little Dick up as a telegraph messenger-boy and row him out to the Harvard boat just as they drop down to the starting-point. I can foul them, and as I do so he will hand the telegram to one of the Fillamores."

"Have you got a suit of clothes for the lad?" asked Morrice.

"Yes," answered the other conspirator. "Dick was a messenger here and bought a spare suit. There won't be any difficulty on that score. The only risk is in Stout stopping the freshmen from reading the message. Have you written it?"

"Hush!" cautioned Morrice. "Don't open your mouth so wide."

"Oh, there ain't any one within hearing," whispered his companion.

Radway drew a paper from his pocketbook and handed it to his accomplice, who silently perused it, and as he did so Nellie, who was peeping through a space she had made between the foliage, did the same.

This was what she read:

"Western Union Telegraph Company.

"Dated Quinsigamond, ——, 2d July, 18—.

"Received at —— Hotel.

"To ORVILLE FILLAMORE, Harvard Crew.

"Father has been suddenly taken sick. Never mind the race; come to him at once.

"MRS. FILLAMORE."

This scandalous document so worked up the girl's feelings that she uttered an exclamation.

As she did so, Radway Morrice glanced up and caught a glimpse of her indignant features.

He guessed she had seen the writing, but that did not abash him.

Hurrying his accomplice away from the spot, to one more secluded, he said, in a low, angry tone:

"We were overheard! Hang that voice of yours! One of those Fillamore girls was up in the balcony."

"How do you know?" growled the other.

"I've spotted the entire family, since they came here," whispered Morrice. "Those sisters are as smart as their brothers, and will try to warn them. You go on with this plan and leave me to watch the young ladies."

They parted, and Morrice, sauntering round to the stables, presently heard the order given:

"Saddle two horses for the Misses Fillamore."

The reader already knows how they rode out to the farmhouse and were prevented from seeing Orville and Dan.

Nellie was not one who would quietly submit to defeat, and had thought out a plan by means of which she could turn the tables upon the conspirators.

Bidding her sister follow, as hard as she could ride, she started for a boathouse a little distance above the boys' quarters.

"All the boats were let an hour ago, miss," said the proprietor, when she explained her errand. "The only craft I have in the shed is a canoe belonging to your Japanese friend, who is staying with the University crew."

"I can paddle it," said the brave girl. "Help me down from my horse and get the canoe out! Mr. Benkei will not mind my taking it."

"But, missy," demurred the man, "you can't row in that riding-habit. The canoe is awfully crank, and if you collide with any of the crafts on the lake you will be drowned."

"Have no fear," said the young lady, as she touched the ground. "A sharp penknife will soon reduce this costume to a suitable length."

"Well, I'll get out the canoe," he observed. "If you can sit in her and use the paddle, you may take her. I admired the way you handled an oar when you rowed up here the other day—guess you can manage this thing."

While he was launching the craft, Rose, who had also dismounted, cut strips off the long skirt of her sister's habit until it only reached to Nellie's ankles, and looked like a rowing costume.

By that time they could hear the cheering of the people and the music of the band way down on the island.

"Quick!" cried Nellie. "I want to catch the boys as they leave their quarters."

The old man knelt on the landing-stage and steadied the canoe as she stepped in, then, handing her the paddle, said:

"Sit upright; keep her trim and do not reach over too much, and you'll do it."

Nellie nodded, compressed her lips, and dipping the blade in the water, started at a swift pace.

"Brave, Nell!" cried Rose. "Come right back as soon as you have seen them."

The University men's quarters were in a bend of the lake, hidden from the boathouse by a fringe of trees, so the intrepid girl was soon out of her sister's sight.

"She's true American grit," proudly exclaimed the old fellow, as Nellie vanished round the point. "Bless her! I wish she was my da-ter."

While the courageous young lady was on her way to warn her brothers, Stout was mustering his men upon the float, moored on the edge of the lake opposite their retreat.

He was somewhat ruffled in temper through having discovered that the betting men had learned about his "dark horses."

There was temporary telephonic communication between a building on Regatta Point and his room in the farmhouse, and the last message had been:

"The sporting men know all—betting even."

"Come, boys," he said; "the secret is out, so you will have to whip Yale from the word go."

He had intended they should start at a moderate rate of speed, so as to deceive the betting men, then work up, pass Yale, and "spring a victory" upon them.

Orville and Dan were in magnificent form, and as they took their places in the shell, he said:

"You're the boys I rely upon! I know what the others can do in a public race; you must not go back on your practicing record."

"We never go back on *anything*, if we can help it," quietly replied Dan, as he stepped into the shell and grasped his oar.

In another moment the lance-like craft shot out from the shore, and Stout, entering an outrigger, flashed to their side; at the same instant Benkei rushed down to the float and shouted frantically, and Nellie came in sight round the point.

The crew were bending to their oars, ready to proceed to the starting-point, when the young lady urged her canoe right across their course and cried:

"Mr. Stout—I *must* speak with you!"

"Hi!" hailed Ben. "The betting has suddenly changed! They are offering ten to one against you!"

For a second Stout appeared puzzled; however, he knew something of importance to them must have occurred or Miss Fillamore would not be there in a canoe, so, urging his outrigger toward her, he balanced his sculls, raised his straw hat, and said:

"What is it, miss?"

Nellie briefly and clearly narrated her mission, while her amazed brothers gazed at her as though they thought she had gone crazy.

When she ended, Stout said:

"Thank you, Miss Fillamore—thank you a thousand times," then bowed, and, without making any explanation to his crew, gave the word to start, shouting back to Benkei: "Tell Commerford to take all he can at that figure! We're going to whip Yale!"

This was duly telephoned back to the point, and the rascals, under Morrice, were soon busily employed booking Harvard men's bets.

As the crew and their captain flashed out of sight, Ben hailed Nellie, and the latter paddled alongside and told her story.

This so excited and delighted the Japanese that he cried, as he prostrated himself in native style:

"I worship you! I honor you! You are like Jingu Kogo—a noble woman! You have saved us from defeat! What can I do to show you how I admire your grand deed?"

The loungers were grinning at him—they not understanding it was the custom of his countrymen to thus express their feelings; however, Nellie did, and merrily replied:

"I can tell you what to do, Ben. Get up, for goodness sake! Those men think you have taken leave of your senses. I want you to help me out of this nutshell, and row me back in a comfortable boat to where I left Rose. She will be in agony until I return. When we have taken her on board we'll go down to the island and see the race."

This speech opened Benkei's eyes, and in a few minutes he had procured a suitable craft, and was pulling her toward the spot where Rose was anxiously waiting.

"Were you in time?" she eagerly inquired.

"Just did it," laughingly answered Nellie. "Jump in, sister, and you, too, Mr. Pembroke; we want you to pull an oar."

They did as she said, and as the old man settled on his seat, he remarked:

"You've got the true grit in you. I'm proud of what you've done, miss."

"My brothers taught me to row," she said. "You don't think I'd hesitate when Orville and Dan were in danger of defeat, do you? I'd have swam if I could not have reached them in any other way, and so would Rose."

The latter nodded, and pressing Nellie's hand, replied:

"I think I would have swam after you had you not returned just now."

"Come, Mr. Pembroke," said Benkei, who had listened admiringly to the foregoing; "give way. These ladies have got to see the race."

As he spoke they heard the first gun.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH STOUT STRIKES HIS FLAG.

ALTHOUGH Benkei and the old man "pulled all they were worth," they did not reach the point until after the boats had started.

"Drop your craft in here alongside of this float," shouted Stout, who, spite of the eager manner in which he watched the signals, found a moment to devote to the ladies. "You're in time to see the race won."

For the next few moments nobody spoke, every one being busily employed in scanning the upper part of the lake and much too anxious to talk.

The boat containing the girls was duly made fast, and when that was done they stood up and awaited the appearance of the boats.

Although crews from a dozen or more colleges were entered, the struggle was expected to be between Harvard and Yale—magenta and blue.

After a while the flash of oars could be seen afar, then the spell of silence became broken, and the multitude gave tongue.

At first it was a murmur, like that of a distant storm or the roar of water.

This gradually swelled louder and louder, until it assumed a distinct sound:

"Harvard, Harvard, Harvard! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

Upon hearing this Nellie and Rose alternately flushed and grew pale with anxiety, and grasped one another nervously.

"Here they are!" shouted Stout, who was peeping through a field-glass. "All in a line."

"Yale! Yale!" was the next cry, and "Co-lum-bia wins!"

In another instant the three leading boats came well into view, and the girls saw that Columbia led.

Then followed a brief period of the wildest confusion and excitement, during which the men went crazy and some of the ladies swooned.

"Keep calm, Rose," said Nellie. "If you faint I'll drop you."

This jocular threat had the desired effect upon the girl's nerves, and by dint of great effort she contrived to conquer her emotion.

"Co-lum-bia!" yelled the friends of the gallant New Yorkers.

"Yale!" "Harvard!" "Yale, Yale!" "Harvard, Harvard, Harvard!"

These cries fairly deafened the sisters, who, with eager eyes, watched the boats as they neared the goal.

To their delight they saw the magenta flag draw ahead, and presently everybody was shouting:

"Har-vard!"

It had been a tough struggle between the latter and Columbia, and but for Orville and Dan the New Yorkers would have carried off the cup and flags.

An indescribable scene of confusion followed the announcement of the victory, the Harvard boys on shore rushing about cheering, shaking hands and embracing like lunatics.

The University boat was halted a few moments near that containing the Misses Fillamore, and it made the girls' hearts ache to witness the distress of the victors, who, like their opponents, sat in their craft with bowed heads and quivering muscles—pumped out.

"They shall never row in another race," said Nellie, indignantly, as she pityingly watched her brothers. "This is glory enough in the racing line for Orville and Dan."

"Bravo, chums!" cried Benkei, who, in his joy, had knocked Pembroke's hat into the lake. "Never mind, I'll buy you a new tile. 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

"It ain't the tile I care for, it's the colors," said the old man, hooking up his property, which he waved aloft. "'Rah!"

When the victors had somewhat recovered their breath they pulled up to the judge's boat and received their trophies.

"Miss Fillamore," said Stout, bowing to Nellie, "we owe our victory to you. Had that man's plot succeeded, it might have caused our defeat. Thank you a billion times!"

Ere the young lady could reply he was off.

"I am sure you had as much to do with it as I had, Rose," said the blushing girl; then, turning to Ben, she added: "Will you land us as near the hotel as possible?"

Half an hour afterward a happy group was assembled in one of the private parlors.

"My boys, I am proud of you," said Mrs. Fillamore, as Orville and Dan came in, modestly carrying their flags, wrapped in a newspaper.

"And I am proud of you, too, young gentlemen," grandly remarked Mr. Mortimer. "It was a gallant struggle."

Don and his affianced and his sisters crowded about them, the ladies insisting upon seeing the trophies.

"One moment," quietly observed Orville, who, as usual, acted as spokesman. "Where are Nellie and Rose?"

"Here we are," they said, advancing toward their brothers.

The apartment was full of Harvard men, Benkei having invited in a number of their friends, among whom were Stout, Johnnie Brackett, Skerry and Prince Ando.

The brothers did not mind this, but gave each of their sisters a kiss and handed them their flags, Orv saying to Nellie:

"Keep that; you deserve it, Nel."

The happy girl lovingly returned his salute, and giving him back the flag, murmured:

"No, brother, *you* won the race."

"What does all this mean?" inquired Mr. Fillamore, who, for the first time, had an opportunity to shake hands with his gallant sons. "Where have you girls been? Did you witness the race?"

Orville told them everything, and when he concluded, Stout proposed, "Three times three for the Misses Fillamore," which were given with a vim.

The rest of the day was passed in watching some minor races and in preparing for the regatta ball.

"I think we've sickened the betting men," remarked Stout that afternoon, as a party of collegians assembled in the parlor of their quarters.

"I hope we have stopped them from treating us as a peg upon which they can hang their rascality!"

"I hear Radway Morrice was kicked off the island," said Ando. "He had the cheek to ask me to bet with him."

"I won over a thousand dollars," said Benkei. "I took a bet of fifty to one, offered by a Yale man, and have got my money."

"Have you, boys, won anything?" inquired Stout of the brothers.

"No," was Orville's response. "We do not like gambling."

He spoke in a manly, honest way, and not with any desire to reprove his friends, spite of which they felt his words, and Stout said:

"Surely a man can do as he pleases with his own money? I can't see the harm of putting a pony on our race."

"It simply reduces us to the level of professionals," was Orville's sensible rejoinder. "All the while Harvard men bet on this event, the gamblers have a good reason to be present and ply their vocation."

"Oh, but you don't compare us with those fellows, do you?" asked Skerry, who had also won a considerable sum. "We are gentlemen."

"Upon my word I cannot see wherein lies the difference between one bet and another," said Orv. "I think all the while we, as a college, bet *sub-rosa*, we cannot say much about such fellows as Morrice; pretending to be better than they are is a distinction without a difference."

"You're right," observed their captain. "I know you're right, Fillamore, but you will never get the boys to see it in that light. They'll back our crew if it takes their bottom dollar."

"There's the mischief," good-humoredly retorted Orv. "It takes the money that some of them sorely need for necessary expenses."

Although his words did not at the moment convince those present, they sank into their minds and produced good results.

Neither he nor Dan pretended to be perfect, but merely tried to do what they considered right.

After chatting over the race they amused themselves until dinner-time, some strolling about the grounds and others smoking or napping.

"The prince has paid me the sum I lent him," said Benkei, joining his chums. "He and I have been having a long talk about home. He says his party are about to establish a live paper in Tokio, and they have invited him to become their editor-in-chief."

"A good idea," said Dan. "Ando is a clever fellow and very talented. He has seen something of American institutions, and will not misrepresent us."

"Hush," breathed Ben; "here he comes. He thinks everything of you, chums."

"I want to have a chat with you," smilingly observed Ando, as he joined them. "My brother, the Governor of Iburi, with whom you are acquainted, has written me concerning a plan of our party. We are to start a paper called the *Ke-ya-ki* (mulberry-tree), and before I leave I am going to learn printing, so as to be able to instruct our people. He wishes you to act as our correspondents. Will you agree to do so?"

"I should think Benkei would serve you better than us," replied Dan. "He has thoroughly mastered our language."

"No," said Ando; "he would look at American matters with Japanese eyes. We wish our reports to be special, and from your standpoint."

"Would you require us to correspond in the Japanese language?" asked Orville.

"No," said the prince. "All our staff will understand English, and it does not matter to us whether you use that or our tongue. My instructions are to secure one of you, or, failing in that, some one who will send us clear, graphic, concise reports of what is doing in this country."

"Mortimer is your man," observed Dan. "He has graduated with honors, and intends to devote himself to journalism. When we return to Harvard we shall have enough to do without outside work."

"You intend to again visit Hondo, do you not?" inquired [illegible]. "You only saw the worst part of Japan."

"Yes, I guess you will see us there after we have graduated," smilingly answered Dan. "Orv will bring the telephone, and I shall come prepared to examine your mines. We may organize an expedition and invite Don to accompany us. He would, in that case, act as correspondent for some newspaper."

The prince accepted their decision, and sought out Mortimer, who agreed to take the position he offered.

That evening the friends dined together, and some of the party became very merry.

"What a splendid pair you Fillamores would be if you only drank a little," remarked a half-intoxicated senior, who was one of the guests. "Stout tells me you are cold water men. I think you're wrong!"

"Yes," was Orville's significant rejoinder. "We do not think that soaking our brains in champagne would improve us any. If we did, we'd do as you do."

This shut the gentleman up, and presently he slid under the table, where he remained until the party separated.

At ten o'clock the guests of the crews assembled in the ballroom, and Nellie's brave act having become whispered about, the young men vied with one another in asking her to dance.

Stout was more than attentive, and as they promenaded the piazza, boldly proposed to her.

Like a sensible girl, she quietly and firmly declined his offer, when he remarked:

"You think I am not in earnest, Miss Fillamore? I will prove it to you at some future time!"

"Very well," was her smiling reply. "You must not be angry—remember I have only known you a few days."

"I am not angry," he murmured; "I think too much of you for that! You are the bravest young lady I ever met, and I will try and make myself worthy of you."

"Ah!" whispered Johnnie Brackett, who just then passed them and overheard the junior's words—"ah, I congratulate you, old man!"

Stout looked daggers at him, and Nellie bit her lips, then, both remembering who had spoken, forgave the wag; that very incident bringing the young people closer together by giving them a chance for further conversation.

Benkei danced with Sophia, and was in the seventh heaven, and the guests enjoyed themselves immensely, all agreeing that Nellie was the belle of the ball.

The next day they started for Ivy Hall, Mr. Mortimer having insisted upon their passing their long vacation at his country residence.

Of course Nellie informed her parents of Stout's offer, and was gratified to find they were pleased with her decision. They thought highly of the junior, but had no desire to see their daughter engaged to him until they were better acquainted.

Mrs. Mortimer got a hint of this, and though she had three marriageable girls, was unselfish enough to invite Mr. Stout to spend a month at the hall.

The time passed in a round of picnics and other festivities, and everybody felt sorry when the day came for the chums to return to Harvard. The Fillamore party accompanied Orville, Dan and Benkei to Cambridge, and when they assembled in the boys' parlor in Matthew's, Nellie said:

"Now you are sophomores. Are you not proud?"

"Well, no," chuckled Dan, as he glanced out of the window at two new men. "I'm not proud, but I'm glad we are no longer freshies."

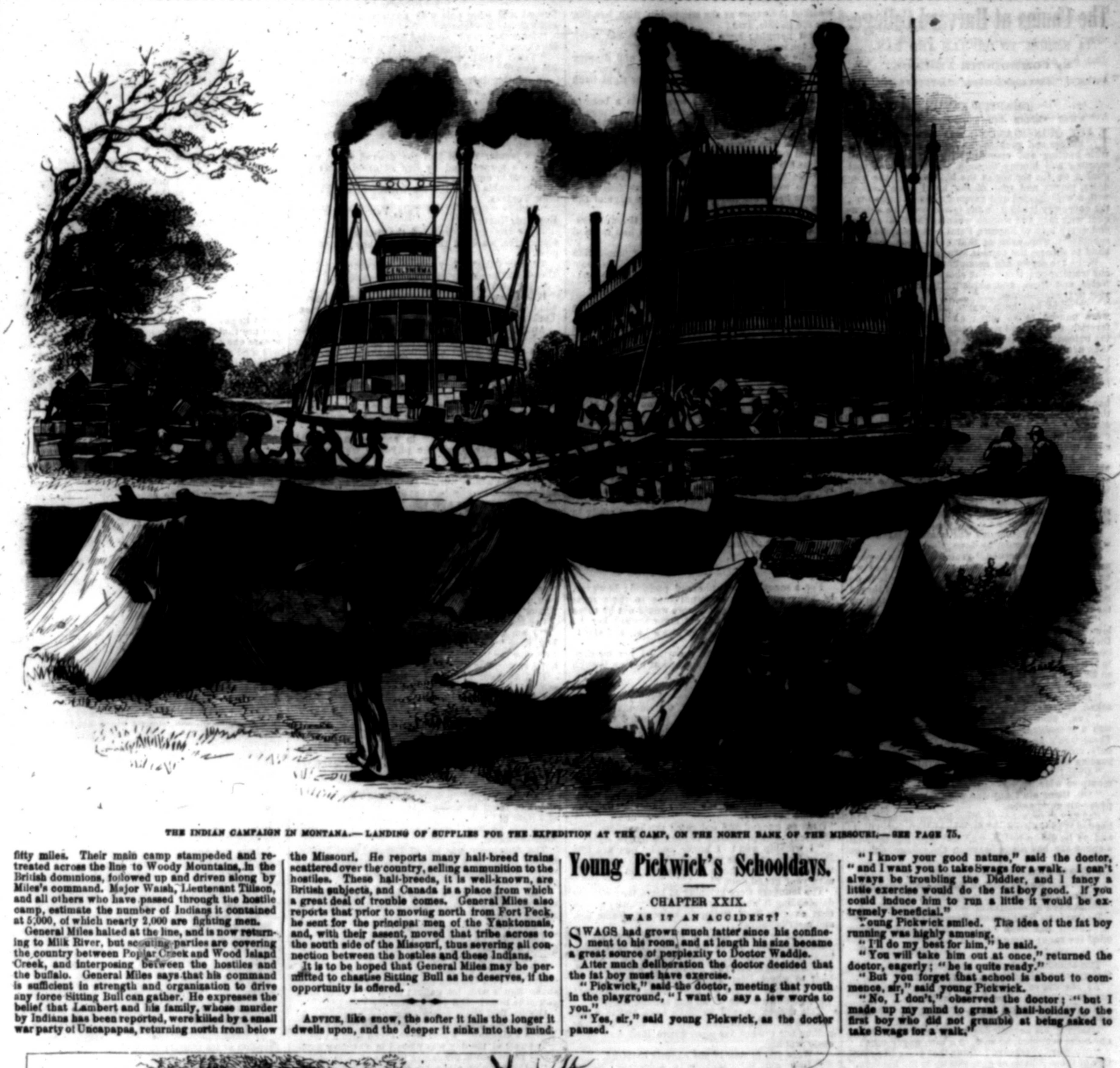
(To be continued.)

"Three Chums at Harvard College" was commenced in No. 467.

INDIAN CAMPAIGN IN MONTANA.

WE published last week a brief account of General Miles's new campaign against Sitting Bull, with an illustration of the transfer of his troops across the Upper Missouri. In starting out upon his campaign, General Miles established a supply depot near old Fort Peck, in Montana Territory, where he left a guard for the protection of the stores which had been brought by the *Dakota*, and landed on the 8th of June. Our correspondent, writing July 5th, thus describes the camp and depot: "Our little log fortification is directly on the banks of the Missouri River, about two miles below old Fort Peck, of which latter place the old stockade is still standing. We have quite a stronghold here, which we built up in one day, and which is really necessary to our safety, as we are liable to be attacked at any moment. We have had two visits up to date from friendly (?) parties of Sioux (Assiniboines). At the latter visit they brought us quite a quantity of fresh buffalo meat in exchange for bacon, sugar, coffee, etc."

The latest intelligence from General Miles is furnished in a dispatch dated Camp on Rock Creek, eighteen miles south of the boundary line, July 27th, in which he reports that after the action on Beaver Creek the hostile Sioux engaged fled northward, leaving their property scattered along the trail for



THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN IN MONTANA.—LANDING OF SUPPLIES FOR THE EXPEDITION AT THE CAMP, ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE MISSOURI.—SEE PAGE 75.

fifty miles. Their main camp stampeded and retreated across the line to Woody Mountains, in the British dominions, followed up and driven along by Miles's command. Major Walsh, Lieutenant Tillson, and all others who have passed through the hostile camp, estimate the number of Indians it contained at 5,000, of which nearly 2,000 are fighting men.

General Miles halted at the line, and is now returning to Milk River, but scouting parties are covering the country between Poplar Creek and Wood Island Creek, and interposing between the hostiles and the buffalo. General Miles says that his command is sufficient in strength and organization to drive any force Sitting Bull can gather. He expresses the belief that Lambert and his family, whose murder by Indians has been reported, were killed by a small war party of Uncapapas, returning north from below the Missouri. He reports many half-breed trains scattered over the country, selling ammunition to the hostiles. These half-breeds, it is well-known, are British subjects, and Canada is a place from which a great deal of trouble comes. General Miles also reports that prior to moving north from Fort Peck, he sent for the principal men of the Yanktonnais, and, with their assent, moved that tribe across to the south side of the Missouri, thus severing all connection between the hostiles and these Indians.

It is to be hoped that General Miles may be permitted to chastise Sitting Bull as he deserves, if the opportunity is offered.

* * *

ADVICE, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

SWAGS had grown much fatter since his confinement to his room, and at length his size became a great source of perplexity to Doctor Waddle.

After much deliberation the doctor decided that the fat boy must have exercise.

"Pickwick," said the doctor, meeting that youth in the playground, "I want to say a few words to you."

"Yes, sir," said young Pickwick, as the doctor paused.

"I know your good nature," said the doctor, "and I want you to take Swags for a walk. I can't always be troubling the Diddler, and I fancy a little exercise would do the fat boy good. If you could induce him to run a little it would be extremely beneficial."

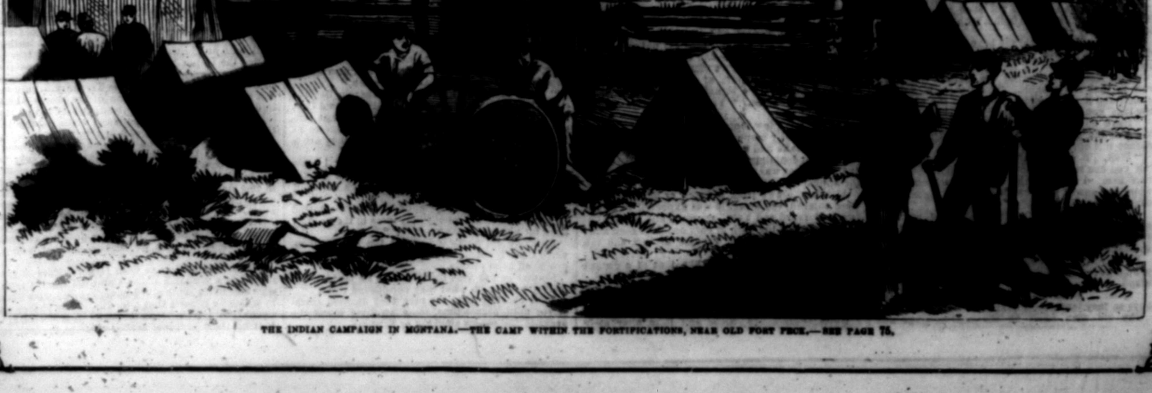
Young Pickwick smiled. The idea of the fat boy running was highly amusing.

"I'll do my best for him," he said.

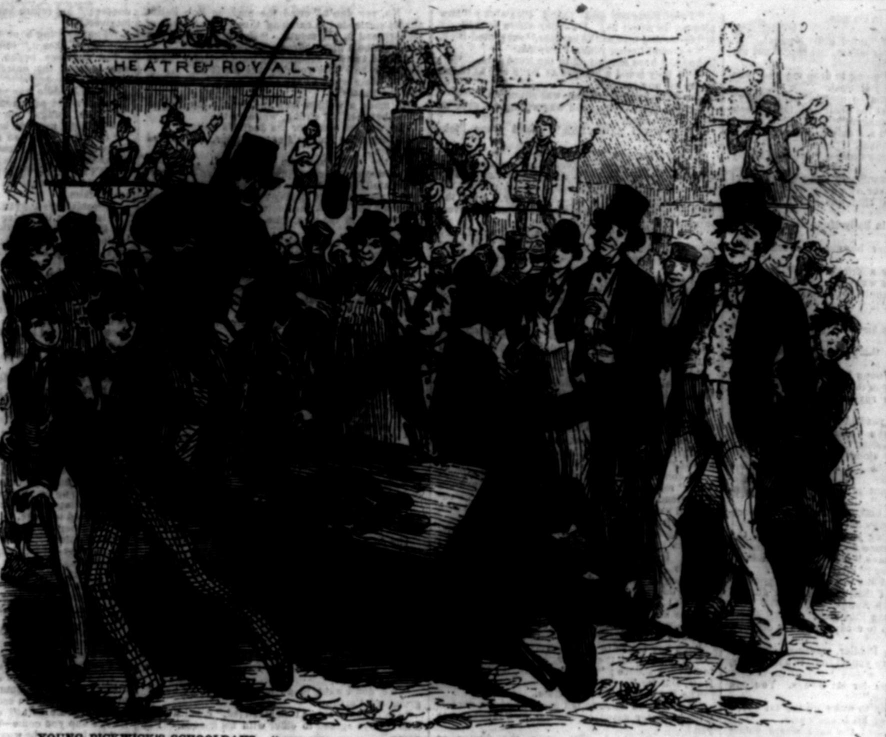
"You will take him out at once," returned the doctor, eagerly; "he is quite ready."

"But you forget that school is about to commence, sir," said young Pickwick.

"No, I don't," observed the doctor; "but I made up my mind to grant a half-holiday to the first boy who did not grumble at being asked to take Swags for a walk."



THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN IN MONTANA.—THE CAMP WITHIN THE FORTIFICATIONS, NEAR OLD FORT PECK.—SEE PAGE 75.



YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"THE DIDDLER SAW HIM AND DODGED. THE DOCTOR, IN CONSEQUENCE, FELL OVER A GINGERBREAD STALL, SCATTERING THE CAKES UPON THE GROUND."

"Thank you, sir," said Pickwick. "Where is Swags?"

"He is waiting at the gate in charge of Joey Snorter," returned the doctor.

The fat boy, much to young Pickwick's relief, was more wide awake than usual, and walked at the rate of two miles an hour.

"We are getting along finely," said young Pickwick.

"Pretty fair," said the fat boy, with a loud yawn. "Let's have a few minutes' rest under that fine tree."

He was beginning to feel tired.

"Resting under a tree won't take down your fat," said Pickwick; "walking exercise is what you want. Perhaps we had better think of returning home," added young Pickwick, who was heartily tired of the fat boy's company. "We'll go through the fields; it is a pretty walk."

"I am not going home that way," said Swags, coming to a halt.

"What is your objection?" asked young Pickwick. "It is much more pleasant than the dusty road."

"It is the longest way round," said Swags; "and I don't see why I should walk so far. I'm not made to walk; I'm too fat."

"Well, walk and get your fat down. But, good-by, then; I'm off," said young Pickwick, jumping over a stile.

He expected that the fat boy would follow him.

But that young gentleman was calmly lying on his back on a bank by the roadside.

"Lazy beast," thought Pickwick. "I'll have a run to stretch my legs, and then go back to make him stir his fat stumps."

He crossed a corn-field, and opening a gate entered a large meadow.

In this meadow was a very fierce-looking bull, tied by the leg to a staple fixed in the ground.

"I shouldn't like you to be at large," thought young Pickwick, giving the animal a casual glance; "you would make short work of me, old fellow."

The bull gave a loud roar and pawed the ground, He gave several fierce tugs at the rope as young Pickwick turned away, and pulled the staple out of the ground.

Finding himself free, the bull rushed after Pickwick, dragging the staple after him.

Young Pickwick, surprised at the noise, looked round.

He saw the bull coming toward him with a great rush.

What was to be done?

He turned pale.

No braver boy than young Pickwick ever drew breath.

But he was in a terrible position, with not even a stick to defend himself from the infuriated animal.

"I suppose Waddle would say I ought to look the bull in the eye and frighten him," thought Pickwick; "but I'll let him try the trick himself before I do it. I'll run for it; catch me if you can, Mr. Bull."

And he turned tail and fled.

Away he flew, and after him came the bull, with his red tongue protruding from his mouth, and foam coming from his nostrils.

The bull was within three feet of young Pickwick, when that panting youth stumbled and fell into a dry ditch.

The bull dashed madly on.

"A lucky escape," thought Pickwick, looking after the bull. "This accident has saved my life."

But he soon found that the bull was not to be so easily balked of his prey.

The enraged animal turned round, and again flew toward young Pickwick, who closed his eyes in the expectation of being gored to death.

But at this critical moment the Diddler burst through the hedge and rushed before his chum, waving a red rag in the eyes of the infuriated animal.

The bull immediately gave his attention to the Diddler, and an exciting chase began.

The Diddler was as active as a monkey.

"No, you don't," he cried, suddenly leaping aside, and striking the bull with a thick stick. "I won't stand any of your nonsense—mind your eye."

The animal did not seem to understand this reatment.

There was a bewildered look in his great, round, bloodshot eyes.

"How do you like it, you tub-headed idiot?" cried the Diddler, giving the bull another blow on the flanks.

With a terrific roar the enraged animal rushed at the Diddler.

That youth thought it would be prudent to let go the rag.

"You can have it if you want it," he cried, flinging it down.

He then took to his heels, the bull rushing after him.

"Here comes the beast; I'm afraid it's all up with me, and no mistake," thought the Diddler, as he heard the bull coming nearer and nearer to him.

He had to resign himself to his fate.

But a tree with overhanging branches caught his eye, and hope revived within him.

He gave a desperate leap, and catching one of the branches, swung himself up as the bull dashed by.

The branch gave way, and the Diddler rolled over and fell upon the grass.

On came the mad beast full tilt at the Diddler.

But hastily jumping to his feet and snatching up a pitchfork, the Diddler stuck it into the enraged animal's chest.

The bull, mad with pain, rushed to the other end of the field, leaving the Diddler the honor of victory.

"I say, old man, that was a close shave for us, but I think I helped you out of it," said Diddler.

"It was very bold of you, Diddler," said Pickwick, and the boys hastily left the field.

It is not surprising that the latter should have forgotten the very existence of Swags.

"Hot work—very," cried the Diddler; "I'm done up—'pon honor."

"Diddler," said Pickwick, with emotion, "you have saved my life, and I shall never forget it."

"Nonsense," said the Diddler; "don't talk about it—come and play cricket."

Pickwick had been with Swags longer than he was aware of, and school had been over for more than half an hour.

"How was it that you were behind the others, Diddler?" asked Pickwick.

"Thinking of my expectations—my fortune—but I was kept in late—had to run after the others—glad of it now—very," said the Diddler.

"Where are the boys?" asked Pickwick.

"In the next field," said the Diddler; "let's look sharp — come along, Picky."

But when they entered the next field their schoolfellows were all collected together at one end.

"I wonder what's up now?" cried young Pickwick.

"I think it is a fight—let's go and see," observed the Diddler.

"Anything up?" said young Pickwick of Tinkle, who was standing on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Dick Sancliff has had a bad blow on the head from a cricket-ball, and is in a dead faint," returned Tinkle.

"Who did it?" asked Pickwick.

"Well, it's very unfortunate," said Tinkle, "but Bully Mungal threw the ball. He hasn't played a game with us for months, and he is so disgusted at what has happened that he says that he will never play again."

"And a precious good job, too, if he never does," cried Pickwick. "But let's go to poor Dick."

He pushed his way through the crowd and bent down beside his unconscious friend.

The Diddler ran off and speedily reappeared with some water from a neighboring pond.

They forced a little down Dick's throat, and dashed the rest in his pale face. He opened his eyes and looked about him.

"You are all right, old fellow," cried young Pickwick, anxiously.

"I am rather giddy, but I shall soon come round, Pickwick, never fear."

And his eyes, perhaps accidentally, wandered to the face of Bully Mungal.

"I am very sorry I have hurt you," said Mungal, awkwardly.

"Accidents will happen, but you managed to aim well at my head," said Dick, as he staggered to his feet with the aid of the Diddler and Pickwick.

"Strange—rather," said the Diddler; "they always happen to you, and Mungal's the fellow that is mixed up with your accidents—must be rather monotonous—'pon honor."

Mossy Morton pushed the Diddler aside.

"My cousin will take my arm," he said. "Dick, I always warned you against these rough games."

"Cricket a rough game? That be blowed," muttered the Diddler; "it is a game for princes—and no mistake."

"That blow was never given accidentally. I feel sure that Mungal intended to injure Dick," said Fitzsham, as the whole party set out for home.

"My opinion, too, but mum's the word," replied the Diddler; "we can't prove it."

"I wish we could," observed Fitzsham; "I should like that cad kicked out of the school."

"What cad?" asked Bully Mungal, who had overheard Fitzsham's last remark.

"I wasn't talking to you," said Fitzsham, politely.

"You were talking *of* me, which is much worse."

"Don't begin snarling," said the Diddler; "you have knocked Dick on the head—you ought to be satisfied—quite enough mischief for one day—rather; but perhaps you have got another ball, and would like to throw it at me."

"You just hold your tongue," cried Bully Mungal, roughly, pushing up against the Diddler.

"The world is a large place," cried the Diddler; "elbow room enough for all—keep out of my way, and don't push your dirty self against my new clothes."

"You dirty beggar!" cried Bully Mungal.

"I'm not a dirty beggar—I've got expectations—must be good—doctor civil—and so on."

"The doctor is with Miffins more than half the time," retorted Bully Mungal. "He is out of his mind or he wouldn't be civil to you."

"The doctor off his chump—very good—I'll inform him."

But Bully Mungal knew that the Diddler was no tale-bearer.

"I mean to be a swell," continued the Diddler; "a peer of the realm—a prince—and so on."

"You are an ass," cried Bully Mungal.

"Poor fellow—you should be a good judge of donkeys; but don't be jealous."

"I wouldn't talk to him if I were you," said Fitzsham; "he looks vicious."

Muttering something in an undertone, which was anything but a blessing, he slunk away.

He was leaning over a gate when a hand was placed upon his arm.

Looking up, he beheld Mossy Morton.

"You've managed this nicely, haven't you?" said Mossy, with a sneer. "You are a heavy-handed idiot, with no more discrimination than this gatepost."

"I've stood many nasty things from you," returned Bully Mungal; "but you are going a little too far, as you will find if you don't take care."

"Bah!" cried Mossy, with a low laugh, "I'm not afraid of you."

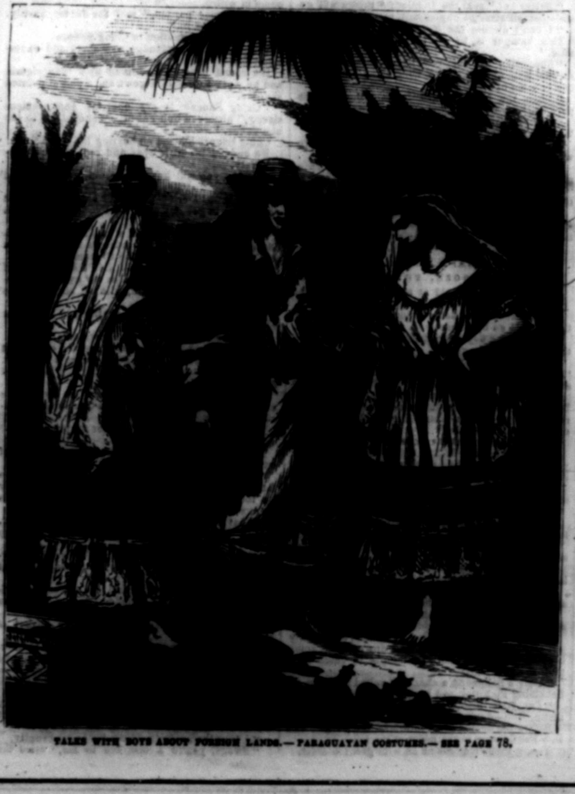
Bully Mungal doubled his fists and advanced toward Mossy.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mossy, looking round to see if any of the boys were in sight.

"I'm going to give you a good thrashing."

"Consult your own interest and curb your temper," said Mossy Morton. "Who took the Diddler's money?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Bully Mungal.



TALES WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—PARAGUAYAN COSTUMES.—SEE PAGE 78.

But his arm dropped to his side.

"Ask Tom Ely."

"Tom Ely is a sneak," cried Bully Mungal.

"He may be, my dear fellow, but that is not my business."

"I suppose you are going to drop me and take up with him," said Bully Mungal.

"Not while I find you so useful," said Mossy; "but you must own that the affair with the cricket-ball was very badly managed."

"It is my opinion you are only in a rage because I have failed," said Mungal.

"Nothing succeeds like success," retorted Mossy Morton.

"It is very easy to jaw," said Bully Mungal. "I wonder you don't do your own dirty work."

"We won't discuss that question," observed Mossy Morton.

And linking his arm in Bully Mungal's, he walked him down the road.

Meanwhile, the other boys had reached the house.

"A boy stunned by a cricket-ball!" cried the doctor, when the news was conveyed to him. "I believe you would all contrive to injure yourselves, somehow, if I put you in padded rooms—I do, indeed."

"But he didn't injure himself," cried young Pickwick.

"It is all the same thing," said the distracted doctor.

"I think——" said young Pickwick.

"Never mind what you think. Where's Swags?"

"I left him by the roadside," said Pickwick, frankly.

"*Left* him by the roadside!" cried the angry doctor. "I thought you promised to take care of him?"

"He wouldn't come along, sir," said Pickwick; "but he is all right; he fell asleep directly I left him."

"And why did you not return to him when you had finished your walk?"

"I was chased by a bull, and that and the accident to Dick drove Swags out of my head."

"I am always hearing some story," cried the doctor; "I've no patience with you."

"I don't think you have," muttered Pickwick.

"What are you saying?" cried the doctor.

"Nothing you would like to hear, sir."

"I have no doubt of that," replied the doctor. "Please to go and fetch Swags."

"Yes, sir," said young Pickwick.

He was only too glad to escape from the doctor's reproaches.

"Halloa!" cried the Diddler, meeting him in the playground, "where are you off to?—in a hurry, eh, Picky?"

"I am going to look for fat Swags. You can come with me if you like."

"Off we go. I'll help to wake up the fat boy," cried the Diddler, taking his friend's arm.

But when they reached the spot where young Pickwick had left the fat boy that interesting youth was nowhere to be seen.

Tom Ely was sitting on the stile.

"Have you seen anything of Swags?" asked young Pickwick.

"Is the beauty lost?" asked Tom Ely.

"Of course he isn't. We shall find him in a minute," returned young Pickwick, beginning to feel anxious.

"I haven't seen anything of him, and don't want to," observed Tom Ely. "The most sensible thing he could do would be to tumble into a pond and get drowned. He is an ugly lump of fat."

"He is quite as good-looking as you, any day, and better tempered," retorted Pickwick.

"Don't stand talking," cried the Diddler. "Swags must be found—can't be far off—he walks no faster than a fly through a glue-pot."

They ran up and down the roads, across fields, everywhere, in fact, but Swags had vanished.

"He said he would run away from school, and I suppose he has done it," said Pickwick. "But how am I to face the doctor?"

"Not your business," returned the Diddler. "You were not sent to school to walk out the fat boy—rum thing to expect of you—very. But, oh Lor', I should like to see Swags run. Ha, ha! he couldn't do it."

"But I made the doctor a promise, and I ought to have kept it."

"Stuff!" said the Diddler; "the fat boy is all right—and no mistake—don't bother yourself."

The two boys went back to the school and reported that Swags was not to be found.

"I am very sorry, sir," said young Pickwick; "but how was I to know what would happen?"

"No doubt you are sorry," said the doctor, severely. "But I'll teach you not to shirk your duty."

"It isn't my duty to take care of the fat boy," returned young Pickwick; "but I'll get all the boys together, and we will scour the neighborhood."

"Do so, and don't return without him," said the doctor.

Nobody in the neighborhood of the school had seen anything of Swags.

He had vanished most mysteriously.

The general opinion was that he had fallen into the river, and that his fat carcass would at some future time be discovered floating down the stream or entangled in the reeds and rushes.

Young Pickwick reproached himself bitterly; but the Diddler seemed more hopeful.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said; "Swags has run away from school—always said he would—told Joey so—sick of short grub—and so on—natural—very."

"It may be as you say," returned young Pickwick; "but what I want to know is, how he managed to toddle off so fast and escape the notice of the villagers?"

"Don't know—dear boy," said the Diddler; "difficult question—very—'pon honor."

But he still refused to believe that any harm had come to Swags, and laughed at young Pickwick's misgivings.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DIDDLER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"SUCH a lark!" cried Dick Sancliff, the same evening, rushing up to young Pickwick, who was standing in the playground talking to the Diddler and Bob Fairfit.

"What's up?" inquired young Pickwick.

"Anything funny?" cried Bob Fairfit. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold your row—laughing jackass, I call you; come, Dick, tell us quick. What's the news?" cried the Diddler.

"Hurrah, my boys, Swags's hamper's come at last," returned Dick.

"Where is it?" asked young Pickwick.

"At the front gate," said Dick.

"Poor Swags," said young Pickwick; "how pleased he would be! I wonder where he is?"

"Come and look at the hamper," suggested Dick.

"Agreed!" cried young Pickwick.

And the boys hurried off to the front gate.

Here they found a hamper as large and as round as the fat boy himself.

The dismal page, Snorter, was sitting on it.

He had been crying, and was wiping his eyes as they approached.

"What's the matter now?" asked young Pickwick.

"I'm crying, because I can't move this 'amper," sobbed Joey Snorter. "Everything goes ag'in me. I believe as how the beastly thing was sent here a-purpose to aggravate me, that I does."

"We will bring it along—half a jiffy," cried the Diddler, giving the hamper a sudden push and overturning the dismal page.

"I'd thank you to leave me alone," cried Joey Snorter, with an angry snivel. "You ain't good enough to knock such as me about, and so I tell you."

"I am not knocking you about," retorted the Diddler. "Do you know who you are talking to? Keep a civil tongue in your head."

"I am a-talking to a beggarly Diddler," retorted Joey Snorter.

"Now, Snorter, just please to drop it," cried young Pickwick; "if you don't you'll find yourself in the wrong box."

"Don't take any notice of him—waste of time—'pon honor," cried the Diddler, who, with the assistance of Bob Fairfit and Dick, was dragging the hamper along.

"I hate the sight of the little beast!" cried the indignant Pickwick. "What with his blubbering, his little pocket-handkerchief and his large supply of cheek, he is enough to make a fellow sick—he is indeed."

"I don't mind what you say to me, Master Pickwick," returned the dismal page, "because you are a gentleman, and your father pays for yer to be eddicated as sich, but I ain't a-going to put up with nothink from the Diddler. No, I ain't."

"He has been talking to Tom Ely and Bully Mungal," said Bob Fairfit. "Think I don't know the signs? How much do you expect for cheeking the Diddler—eh, Snorter?"

"I don't know, and don't care what he expects," cried Pickwick; "but I know what he will get if he doesn't look out, and that is as good a thrashing as ever he had in his life."

"Halloa!" cried the doctor, coming to the door; "what's all this noise about?"

Each boy began to give his version.

"Stop!" cried the doctor, holding up his hand to impose silence; "one at a time, if you please. Now, Diddler."

The Diddler explained matters.

"And do you mean to tell me," cried the doctor, "that Snorter dared to address such language to you?"

Snorter trembled. Why was the doctor so changed in his manner to the Diddler?

"I wasn't a-saying anything the Diddler hadn't heard afore," faltered the dismal page.

The doctor was about to address himself to the dismal page again, when he caught sight of the fat boy's hamper.

"What's that?" he asked.

"A hamper for Swags," returned the boys, rather reluctantly.

"A hamper for Swags?" repeated the doctor, musingly. "Ah, what's to be done with it? Where can it be put?"

"Put the grub in our insides—best place—'pon honor," cried the Diddler.

"Diddler, you are a funny fellow," said the doctor; "but it won't do. I must keep this hamper intact until Swags claims it."

"Better not," said the Diddler; "things will go stale—smell strong—unpleasant, rather."

"I can't discuss the matter," said the doctor. "This hamper is to be taken up-stairs to the attic."

"Supposing the fat boy never returns?" observed Bob Fairfit. "We none of us know what has become of him."

"Then the hamper must be sent back to his parents."

The boys rather sulkily assisted Joey Snorter to take the hamper up.

It was a place where old articles of furniture were stored away.

"No use grumbling," said the Diddler, with a grin, as he and his friends descended the stairs. "Wish Swags was here—I'd have some of his good things then, and no mistake."

The Diddler paid a private visit to the attic that night, but the hamper was securely fastened, and he went back to his couch in great disgust.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHING SNOOZE, THE CHINESE.

A FAIR was to be held at a neighboring village, and the boys were in a ferment.

But the doctor did not consider it desirable that they should go by themselves.

Of course the boys were delighted—that is to say, those who were to go.

"I know what it will be," said young Pickwick: "we shall be hurried through by Waddie, and not see anything."

"Not if we manage him properly," returned the Diddler. "I mean to have some fun—plenty—roundabouts—ginger-nuts—shows—all nice—slap down—and no mistake."

Miffins and Parrot were to be of the party.

They walked arm-in-arm with the doctor, while young Pickwick, the Diddler, and Bob Fairfit brought up the rear.

The fun of the fair was at its height when they reached the magic spot.

Young Pickwick and his friends were delighted.

They were especially attracted by a cadaverous-looking man with hungry eyes.

He held in his hand a large fishing-rod, and was surrounded by a crowd.

"Come and see the fun," cried the Diddler, pushing his way up to the man.

When the boys came up to the man they understood the purpose of the fishing-rod.

Attached to it was a string, and from the string dangled a piece of gingerbread.

The man, who was standing on a chair, continually jerked the gingerbread up and down, while some boys were making frantic attempts to catch it in their mouths.

"Only a halfpenny a chance," yelled the man, on beholding Pickwick and his chums.

"I'm your man," cried the Diddler. "Come along, Bob—don't be shy."

Before the doctor could interfere, the Diddler and Bob Fairfit were in the midst of the fun.

Young Pickwick looked on with great interest.

"No, yer don't," cried the man, as Bob Fairfit almost succeeded in catching the dangling piece of gingerbread in his mouth. "If yer wants to win you must be a little sharper, my lad."

"Come away!" shouted the irate doctor. "You bad boys, how dare you disgrace me thus?"

"I'll come when I have had a bite—'pon honor," said the Diddler.

He made a sudden leap and caught the gingerbread between his strong, white teeth.

This was too much for the doctor's feelings.

He forgot the Diddler's expectations, and rushed up to him.

But the Diddler saw him and dodged.

The doctor, in consequence, fell over a gingerbread stall, scattering the cakes upon the ground.

The man with the fishing-rod indignantly got off the chair and struck the doctor.

The mob, in the meantime, had quickly disposed of the cakes.

"You have ruined me!" cried the man with the fishing-rod, as the doctor rose to his feet.

"You have assaulted me!" retorted the doctor.

"Oh, you are a nice critter to come a-knocking over my stall, and then turn round on me and complain of being assaulted. You are just," cried the man.

"Let me pass," cried the doctor.

He began to feel alarmed.

"I'll let you pass, I will," said the man with the fishing-rod, doggedly standing before the doctor. "Not content with trying to prevent me from earning an honest living, you comes and gives me cheek."

"Hit him in the eye!" cried a sweep.

"Who is he with his stuck-up airs?" inquired another bystander.

"We will see who is the best man," cried he of the fishing-rod, beginning to divest himself of his coat. "Come, I'll take all three of you."

"Now don't be foolish," said Parrot. "My good man, Mr. Waddle will pay you for the cakes. We don't wan't to fight; we might get hurt."

"What I say is square the bloke and be quick about it, if yer doesn't want to be mobbed," added Miffins to the doctor.

The doctor took Miffins's advice, and having paid the man about three times the value of the cakes, was able to go on his way unmolested.

Young Pickwick and his chums now came to a standstill before a large show.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen," shouted a very small, lean showman. "Walk up and see Ching Snooze, the renowned Chinaman. He can eat till he sleeps, then dispose of six shillings' worth o' buns arter that."

"I think we may as well go in here," said the doctor, turning to Miffins and Parrot. "It will be amusing."

"We don't want to go inside that stuffy hole," grumbled Parrot.

"I never have seen a Chinaman fed," cried Miffins, who always agreed to differ with his friends. "I'm game."

The doctor went up the ladder with Miffins and the grumbling Parrot.

Young Pickwick and his friends scrambled up in high glee.

They went down some steps and found themselves standing before a large blue curtain.

"Gents all," said the showman, pulling the curtain back, "you now behold the expressive features of the renowned Ching Snooze, who run away from China because he objected to eat puppies and have his large feet cramped up in little shoes."

"Allow me to correct that statement," said the doctor, blandly; "it is the Chinese women whose feet are cramped and confined, my good man."

The showman looked indignant.

"See here," he said, clinching his fist; "I don't want none o' your personal remarks. I s'pose you came in with a order."

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, hastily. "I paid to come in."

He turned his attention to Ching Snooze.

That illustrious personage was short and excessively fat.

His round head was adorned by a long pigtail, and he wore a loose blue gown and a pair of pointed slippers.

"Ching Snooze is precious fat and precious sleepy," observed Bob Fairfit. "I should like to see him dance."

Ching Snooze started on hearing the voice.

He opened his little eyes and regarded Bob attentively.

"I hope you will know me again, sir," observed Bob.

"Time's up!" cried the angry showman; "just you please to get out of this. I've had enough on yer."

"It ain't fair!" shouted a small boy, who evidently meant to have his money's worth. "You said as how we should see the Chinaman eat."

"When I said that there, I didn't expect that I was a-going to be checked in my own establishment," cried the showman, with an angry glance at the doctor.

"I am very sorry if I said anything to hurt your feelings," cried the doctor.

He slipped a shilling in the showman's hand.

"I don't like people to come here and contradict what I tells 'em," said the man, scarcely mollified.

But he drew forth a basket containing cakes and buns.

"This is how Ching Snooze puts 'em away," he cried, cramming a cake down the Chinaman's capacious throat.

The boys looked at one another surprised.

Miffins and the doctor stared.

But Mr. Parrot rose to his feet in a great state of excitement.

"I'll eat my wig if we haven't found Swags, the fat boy," he exclaimed. "I knew him directly he took in that cheese-cake. That Chinaman is Swags!"

"That boy belongs to me!" cried the doctor. "How dare you entice him away and dress him up in that ridiculous style?"

"He came straight from China," cried the showman, trying to bar the doctor's passage. "Get out, will yer? You bad old man!"

"Swags, you rascal!" cried the doctor, appealing to Ching Snooze, who indeed was no other than the fat boy.

The fat boy looked stolidly at the basket of cakes.

"Come, wake up, Swags," cried the Diddler, suddenly making a rush at his fat friend and clutching hold of his pig-tail. "Wake up, old man, or I'll have your pig-tail off, and give it to old Parrot to eat."

"Leave that boy alone!" cried the showman. "No matter who he is, I know he won't consent to leave me. He likes the life in this 'ere wan."

"I likes the grub," said the fat boy, abruptly.

"Swags, you're a disgrace to me," cried the doctor; "but return home quietly and all shall be forgiven."

"I'm not going back to school. I get more grub here, and I likes it," said the fat boy.

The audience began to think that this scene was part of the entertainment, and yelled with laughter.

Doctor Waddle was very angry.

But he could not openly show his indignation.

"Come, Swags," he said, persuasively, "don't be obstinate, my dear lad."

"How can you be so silly, Swags?" cried young Pickwick; "you will soon tire of this life."

The fat boy shook his head.

"It's all very well now," continued young Pickwick; "but wait till the Winter comes on and there are no fairs."

"I won't leave the van, I tell you," said the fat boy. "At least, not till I have eaten up all the grub."

"Look here, Swags," exclaimed young Pickwick, beginning to feel angry; "you served me a shabby trick in going off like that directly my back was turned."

"I always meant to run away when I got the chance," returned the fat boy. "You shouldn't have left me alone in the road."

"He was walking along at the rate of half a mile an hour," broke in the showman, "when I comes upon him. I liked his looks, and axed him if he would have a lift."

"I said yes," interposed the fat boy; "and he gave me a lot to eat."

"And he told me as how he got plenty of lickings and little grub at your place," said the showman; "and when I offered him a situation with a jolly lot to eat and little to do he jumped at it, I can tell yer."

"He is a bad boy," said the doctor; "but no matter."

"He can't jump," cried young Pickwick. "Diddler, let me have a hold on his pigtail."

"Don't leave me out of the lark," said Bob Fairfit, advancing on Swags.

But the fat boy threw himself flat on the ground and refused to move.

"Look here!" cried the showman, appealing to the bystanders, "is a noble young foreigner to be borne away into captivity without a hand being raised in his defense?"

The people thus appealed to rushed at the doctor and his companions with fierce and angry gestures.

"We shall be torn to pieces," cried the doctor.

But the Diddler saw a way of getting out of the difficulty.

"My good people, this Ching Snooze is an escaped lunatic—dangerous—very," he shouted; "cut your stick—off you go—look out—he bites—and you'll go mad—he's going off now—look out!"

The people began to shriek, and dashed with one accord toward the door, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to escape the supposed lunatic.

"That's the sort!" cried the Diddler. "Now, Swags—up you come—there's a good fellow."

"He tells you he won't go!" cried the showman, dancing with rage.

"Shut up!" cried Miffins, "or we'll have the police."

The showman did not like the notion of police interference.

"Now, what is to be done with this boy?" cried the doctor. "My good Diddler, perhaps you may suggest something."

"I'll find a wheelbarrow," cried the Diddler; "bring him along—sharp's the word—home he comes—like a lamb—or a fat calf."

"I'll stay where I am, I tell you!" yelled Swags.

But young Pickwick and his chums pulled lustily at the fat boy's pig-tail.

The pig-tail was not strong enough to bear the strain, and gave way.

Pickwick and his friends fell backward on the ground. But they were on their feet in a moment.

"Bring him along," cried the Diddler, rushing off in search of a wheelbarrow.

He speedily returned with one.

The Diddler did not say how he had obtained it, and the doctor asked no questions.

A few minutes later the fat boy found himself being wheeled through the green lanes toward the school.

"It is no use taking me back," he said; "I mean to run away again as soon as ever I get the chance. The doctor starves me, and you all know he does."

And having thus relieved his feelings, he fell asleep.

The fat boy was heavy, and Pickwick and his chums gave a sigh of relief when they reached home.

"Hot work, rather," cried the Diddler. "Out you come—look alive—stir your stumps—that's the ticket, fatty—over you go."

(To be continued.)

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. [illegible]

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

PARAGUAYANS.

THE gallant stand made by the people of the little republic against the combined forces of the great empire of Brazil and the Argentine Republic, as well as Uruguay, give an interest to anything belonging to them.

They are generally of mixed race, the missions of the Jesuits having elevated the natives, so that the Spanish soldiers and settlers readily married among them. The same Christian training, and the nature of the climate and soil, have tended to eliminate nearly every trace of the savage, and the Paraguayan, tall, mild and almost effeminate, with a clear, often brilliant, white complexion, living on the crops raised by agriculture, is far superior to the almost savage Argentine, who leaves his mother's milk to grasp a piece of half-cooked beef, and whose character for quarrelsomeness, vengeance and blood is but too well known. Yet, the Paraguayan, as experience shows, is almost unconquerable.

They are not a progressive people, but quiet, calm and easily governed. Their houses are one story high, often large and well built, with every care for proper ventilation. The bricks are large, being ten or twelve inches long, eight wide and two thick. The better class of houses are covered with tiles, and have projecting roofs. The poorer houses are built of a framework of palm, on which a roof of bamboo is first finished carefully; then the family take possession, and complete the rest as they find time and means.

In our illustration, the ladies are offering a guest some Maté, or Paraguay tea, in a cup, and he has in his hand the bombilla, or pipe, with which it is taken.

A NEW STORY,

Full of Stir and Life, will begin in No. 675.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway,

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THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

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N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 667.

1. Rest—O Rest! Restorest. 2. Puff-in. 3. Pla(i)nts, Ho(p)es, Ta(b)le. 4. Penknife. 5. Cavass, Avoset, Volley, Asiake, Seeker, Sty-err. 6. F, Alb, Avail, Flapper, Biped, Led, R. 7. Caribou, Panther—CarP, AlpacA, RaccooN, InsecT, BeemotH, OrioIE, UproaR. 8. Mare, Pare, Fare, Dare. 9. Theresa, Ada, Kate, Lena, Aileen, Ella, May, Esther, Ethel. 10. Primer, Prime, Prim.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 667.

1.—Louis Gascoigne, 82 First Street, Detroit, Mich.

2.—Wm. H. Kreeker, 1010 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

3.—H. A. Holden, Washington, D. C.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN all the household soundly sleep,
My primals to my finals creep;
On centrals views, with eager eyes,
The treasures he doth highly prize;
Upreaches, grasps, sinks in a chair;
Night flies, but morn still finds him there.

1. This plant in ropes we often use;
2. For this a Grecian letter choose;
3. A fish crustaceous now behold;
4. And here a staring loafer bold;
5. A Roman empress of some fame;
6. An Eastern monarch here we name;
7. Your gun, if left out over night,
Will sure be found in piteous plight.

2.—CHARADE.

Commercial failings are, no doubt,
From want of first oft brought about;
It makes a merchant, though not cold,
Rub hand and hand with joys untold.

My second is another name
For waters limited in size.
My whole a country is of fame,
Whence came an article of prize.

3.—CHARADE.

Sweet first, above all other months esteemed,
And welcomed, too, by all, I'm very sure;
On field and lawn I see nexts everywhere,
E'en greeted by the rich as well as poor.
I hold a total now within my hand,
A sort of second, but how pale and pure!

4.—SQUARE WORDS.

An English county first please write;
Next, I perceive, means to affright;
You'll all have third—I find 'tis taste;
My fourth's to eat away and waste;
A Spanish town, of repute fair,
Write down, and so complete this square.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

4. Oh, can you speak this dialect?
2. And dwell above like this?
1. Oh, can you see that I elect?
3. And what we e'er would miss?

6.—CROSS DIAMOND.

Across—A consonant; an Indian; little eggs; to complain; a joint; a tool (transposed); a vowel. *Down*—A consonant; mineral product; part of the throat; to blunder; an angle; a rule (transposed); a vowel.

7.—ENIGMA.

There is a gem of purest ray
Which wealth can purchase not,
But yet is often seen within
The peasant's lowly cot.
The miser hoards his wretched pelf,
And with exultant glare
Gloats o'er his store of shining ore—
But one fair gem's not there.

The peasant hies him home at night,
And, round the fireside, see
The loving look he gives the child
Who sits upon his knee.
No store of worldly wealth has he,
No jewels rich and rare—
Yet none, say I?—we can descry
One priceless jewel there.

Now, riddlers all, both large and small,
Of great and little fame,
Come, tell me, loyal Budgetiers,
What is this jewel's name?

8.—LOGOGRIPH.

By the ladies to many good uses I'm turned;
If a letter be put to my tail, I am burned;
But if you reduce me by cutting my tail,
I become then connected with porter and ale.

9.—CHARADE.

Within a cozy chamber
A mother sat and nursed
Her second little Harry,
Who held a little first
Upon his lap; and placing
Within his mother's palm
His tiny hands, he pleaded,
"If I your second am,
Please put me down a moment
Upon the level whole,
And all around the table
My little first I'll roll."

The mother kissed her darling,
And said, "Do as you ask."
To find what little Harry did
Is now the riddler's task.

10.—LOGOGRIPH.

A thorny bush behead, and find a pleasant stroll;
Behead again, and horse's pace will onward roll;
Transposed, I censure mean; beheaded, then I halt;
Transposed, a sex appears; beheaded, made from malt.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

A CLERGYMAN'S wife had impressed upon her little son the necessity of ejecting the skins of grapes, and a few days afterward she told him the story of Jonah and the whale. "The whale is a very large monster," said the mother, "and he swallowed Jonah." "Did he swallow other men, too?" asked the little boy. "Well, I suppose he did," continued the mother, who was somewhat in doubt, and, while she was hesitating about the continuation of the story, the boy interrupted her with, "And, mamma, did he spit the skins out, too?"

"ANGELINAW," said Augustus, eagerly, "I've made aw—a conundrum. It's weal nice, too. What did Jonah find to wide upon when he was thrown overboard?" *Angelinaw*—"Oh, Gussy! Why, he—tell me, darling." *Augustus*—"He went by the wailway. Ain't that awfully jawly, Angelinaw? Took me two hours to do it, too; 'pon honaw."

A MAN who had a very little nose joked another whose nose was very large. The latter exclaimed: "What are you so severe on my nose for? Do you think it was made at the expense of yours?"

WHY do old maids wear mittens? To keep off the chaps.

ONE of the college magazines sums up commencement in this way:

"The senior blacks his boots,
And elbows up his way,
Makes his little bow
And says his little say.
Then he makes another,
And waits for his bouquet;
While people clap their hands
And the band begins to play."

"WE are going out with the tide," said a young man to a friend, as he filed down the church aisle after the wedding. "In that case," said a lady in front, "you can afford to get off my train." And he did.

"CAN you sign your name?" a notary asked a witness in Ville de la Reine. "Won't my grandfather's do?" "No." "But I was called after my grandfather." "Then, you idiot, you may sign your grandfather's name. Why didn't you say so?"

THE MIDDY AND THE LADY.

A well-merited repartee was dealt by a smart midshipman to the daughter of a K. C. B. at a ball given by the latter to the naval officers on the North Pacific station. The middy was bold enough to ask the young lady to accept him for her partner.

"Oh, dear, no," said the supercilious beauty; "ma never allows me to dance with a midshipman!"

Somebody let her know the middy was a lord, and she repented, and by-and-by reminded him he was engaged to her for the next dance. The youngster, however, was not so easily to be mollified, and, remembering the lady had native blood in her veins, smilingly replied:

"Oh, dear, no! ma never allows me to dance with squaws!"

A LITTLE girl meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped a courtesy. The rustic laughed, without returning the civility. "What!" said he, "do you courtesy to dead hogs?" "No, sir," promptly responded the little miss, "I courtesied to the *live one.*"

AN examination for admission to the Cincinnati University is said to have developed the following wonderful information: *Professor*—"Mr. Johnson, what planets were known to the ancients?" *Mr. Johnson*—"Well, sir, there were Venus, Jupiter, and—and—ahem! I think the Earth, but I am not quite sure."

"MAMMA," suddenly asked a little girl, who had watched the cutting up of a last season's dress of her mother's into a new one for herself, "what becomes of the old moons? Are they cut up into stars?"

A YOUTH, while having his hair cut last evening, asked the barber what he thought of his mustache. The barber said: "Bring it with you the next time you come, and I will give you my opinion."

A SCHOOLBOY, on being asked by his teacher how he could flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I would like to have it on the Italian system—the heavy strokes upward, the light strokes down."

THE farmer scythes as he rakes his field
From morning until night.
The tater-bug chews the budding corn,
Hoe! such a harrowing sight!
The plow stands by and does its share—
We'd rather say no more—
But such a thrashing the reaper got
Was never seen before.

FIRST PREPARATORY STUDENT (angrily)—"If you attempt to pull my ears you'll have your hands full." *Second Preparatory* (looking at the ears)—"Well, yes; I rather think I should."

WHEN the farmer's wife wants to know what they are going to do with the cream left over from the butter-making he simply says, "Oh, cheese it!"

HE taketh her to an ice-cream saloon,
And a hundred saloons are the same as one;
And he trembles to see her handle a spoon,
For he thinks of the bill when she's done;
The bill of the treated the treater breaks,
And the last white nickel he has it takes.

THERE is only one object in the world which will attract a young lady's attention from the handsome young man she meets on the street, and that is another woman with a hat two laps ahead of any style she has yet seen.

WHEN a young man goes to have his mustache colored, it is very humiliating to have the barber ask if he brought it with him.

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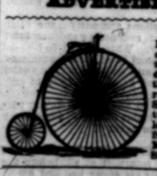

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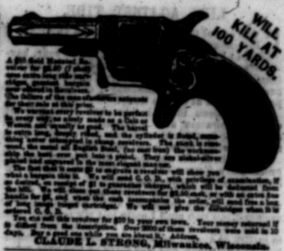
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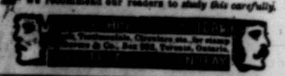
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LIFE AGAINST TIDE.

IT was one of those most foolish of all episodes—a lovers' quarrel.

We had been engaged for more than a year, having become acquainted at the house of my aunt in London, while I was visiting there, and he had now been on a visit of some days' duration to my parent's home at Crag's Head.

He had been there before, and won, without effort, admiration and friendship; for his were qualities of heart and soul—always earnest, ever truthful—which never failed to attract.

We had been out walking to the crag—a rugged promontory jutting out into the bay—when the little difference between us arose.

It grew out of some willful assertion of mine, which he gravely corrected, and I prolonged in a useless dissension until I quite lost my temper.

Hard as the confession is, I must make it here in justice to him—I quite lost my temper; I wished him leagues away, and was sorry he had ever come to Crag's Head, and hoped all sorts of adverse difficulties would beset him before he got away; for all of which I was heartily sorry, and would have given worlds to recall before the sound of my voice had died on the air.

But he was proud and passionate, too, though never easily moved, as I was, and I cannot wonder now that my language and manner—half serious, half earnest, as it was—should have been exasperating in the last degree.

In utter silence we finished our walk back to the house; and when my better spirit was just beginning to exert its influence, and I began to feel how unjust and wrong I had been, and how kind and forbearing his words were in contrast, he suddenly turned to me at the garden-gate, put out his hand, and said farewell in a tone so cold and harsh that all my contrition and tenderness was instantly dispelled.

My response to his brief words of parting were as formal, as distant, as his own; for, if I had any thought about the matter, which is doubtful, I could not have believed him serious, or questioned his intention of returning to me.

And while the words were yet on my lips, he bowed to me formally, as if impatient of a moment's longer restraint, and was gone.

I saw him hurry down the lane in the direction of the stables, saw his horse brought hastily out to him, saw him fling himself hurriedly into the saddle, and a minute later saw the sparks flying in showers from beneath his horse's hoof, as he took the rocky roadway winding from Crag's Head to the coast-road below.

Not till I saw him—a mere speck in the distance—disappear from view did my feeling of resentment abate; and then a revulsion of feeling came. I burst into tears.

During the forenoon, as my uneasiness increased, I went out again to the crag where we had walked in the morning—this time to scan more closely wind and sky and sea, for, of course, upon these and the tide would depend the power of the shifting sands.

A less practiced eye than mine would easily have foretold thick weather from what I saw.

There was a hazy bank of drifting cloud coming slowly up from seaward; a murky stillness in the air that grew oppressive; a misty blur upon the sun, through which it glared hot and redly; vast flocks of seagulls flying low, and screaming discordantly in and out among the fissures of the tall crag; while the outgoing tide lazily lapped the shore with a hollow, moaning sound, like the breathing of some huge giant lulled to momentary slumber, from which he will awake to scatter destruction on all around.

I returned from this prospective examination—if I may use the words—with a thorough conviction that a storm was brewing, such as our lives at Crag's Head had long since taught us would burst in sudden fury upon us when it did come, and rage with tremendous violence while it should last.

Should it come with the turn of the tide, I shuddered to think what the effect would be upon the shifting sands at Dryson's Firth, for surely no human being could pass there then, and live.

There was an upper road to Duncleugh Kirk, but seldom used, inasmuch as it was over a mountain spur and through the foothills, rocky and dangerous, by reason of being neglected and sadly out of repair. Few persons of late years, going or coming, took that route, for the coast-road, winding along by the sea and in many places washed by it at high tide, though longer, was far safer and pleasanter.

At least it always had been until the recent breaking through of a new inlet at Dryson's Firth had left the old roadway near the point but little more than a sandbar, which, it appeared, by the report of the mail-carrier, had now become untenable, shifting treacherously at high tide, and insuring swift and terrible destruction to all who should seek to pass over it.

These were the reflections anxiously made after my return to the cottage, succeeding another brief interview with my father. What could I do?

From my earliest girlhood I had been accustomed to horseback exercise, and had a fleet, powerful steed, black as night, and gentle as a spirit of self-sacrifice, standing in the stable.

Should I order it saddled and speed away in pursuit of my absconding lover, find him, confess my folly, and bring him home again?

This was the question.

Pride said No; love and apprehension said Yes. But perhaps he would return, if at all, before the turn of the tide. Surely his anger had had ample time to cool. If he had loved me, as he had so often professed, and which I still believed, he could not go on to London without seeing me again.

For an hour after I reached this point with myself I remained in doubt and hesitation, struggling with hopes and fears and wishes, and watching and waiting. Then my resolve was taken.

I would make some trifling purchase an excuse for the journey, and I would go to Duncleugh Kirk.

Not by the coast-road, however, for I might meet Harry coming back, repentant and anxious for forgiveness, and a certain spice of willfulness made me feel that it would be pleasant to have him reach home in that state of mind, and find me absent and seemingly indifferent.

I determined to go by the upper road over the mountain spur, and to return by the lower, in case I saw nothing of Harry, and found the danger by the coast-road mostly imaginary.

That, I knew, would depend upon the hour of return, the storm impending, and the tide.

I set out at once, opposing no argument to the trivial objections speedily raised, but mounted, and was off at a canter.

I found, on reaching the highway road on the mountain spur, every indication of the coming storm increased, and my uneasiness increased with it.

Thus debating, I darted easily along, and into the village of Duncleugh Kirk.

Fortunately, I was saved the trouble of making inquiries, by volunteer information at the place where I made my little purchases, and where both of us were known.

Mr. Lovelace had been there—had been there twice! He had called earlier in the day and written a letter. He had ridden rapidly away; been gone perhaps two hours; and, calling again, requested permission to take the letter he had deposited from the mail, and would return at once to Crag's Head. The letter, my informant had noticed when she took it from the box, was addressed to me.

I thanked her, and hurried promptly out, for the men about the office were all talking of the coming storm, and some of them connecting it with the shifting sands at Dryson's Firth.

Mounted again, I rode rapidly through the village, reflecting on what I had heard with a gush of feeling which I still easily recall. There were only two ways for reaching Crag's Head by land from that point—the two I have mentioned, and, as I had come by the upper road, it was evident that Harry had returned the way he came, unmindful of possible dangers of the shifting sands of Dryson's Firth.

He had been gone but a short time; my horse was superior to his in point of speed, for we had frequently tested that, and mine had less weight to carry, which must make a vast difference in my favor when put to the trial now.

Might I not overtake him before I reached the Head? And if so, how I should surprise him, and how much easier to say forgive and forget!

I touched up Black Diamond under the impulse of the thought, and sped away along the sandy road like an arrow from a bow.

I have said I was accustomed to horseback exercise, but I was more: I was entirely at home in the saddle; could ride at full speed without touching rein or stirrup, and had often practiced it in mere bravado.

To show my nerve, I had indeed in younger years stood on the horse's back, with one foot on the saddle and one behind it, while my dear old father cracked his whip, and watched me go round, very much in the same manner as you see it at the amphitheatre.

For some time I had been riding between wide, low banks, like those of a broad river, when a suddenly slight turn brought me out close upon the shore, and a dash of spray in my face and the blackening heavens gave me the latest indications of the progress of the storm. Not an agreeable one, as may be believed.

One glance at sea and sky, and bending low to my horse's mane to shut out the possible horrors, with a stimulative word of encouragement I pressed forward.

As I advanced, the roar of the surf grew almost deafening, and the spray came in intermittent dashes that drenched me to the skin, and yet I had no thought of faltering or turning back.

I reached Dryson's, and he came rushing down from his isolated cabin, imploring me by gestures to pause; but with negative response—that was caught up by the wind and drowned by the surf—I clattered on to the crazy bridge, and was away before the man could repeat his remonstrative gesture.

I had caught sight of a dark, moving object not far in advance, and my heart quickened its pulsations like the bounds of the gallant horse beneath me. It was Harry, dear Harry (my Harry now!), I was sure, and he was fast nearing that strip of treacherous sand.

If my condition had been greatly excited up to this time, it was so no longer.

The wind had already increased to a gale; scarf, bows and mantle went flying away like wreaths of smoke in blasts of Autumn; my horse only responded under my touch by renewed efforts; and with such fierce joy as I hope I may never know again, I saw how his long strides diminished the distance between two sundered hearts.

Every moment was bringing Harry to greater danger. Every moment was bringing me to share it with him. Together we would fight our way through peril of shifting sand and tide and tempest; or together we would perish in a last struggle for each other.

Oh! if I could save him!

He had grown conscious of danger, as I could see, for he used whip and spur, though with little effect, for his horse seemed jaded.

I had observed the tide rise higher and higher as I advanced, and now looking ahead of me—always ahead now—I saw it roll in upon the washed road, which was here a mere strip of sand.

A crisis was at hand!

I touched my noble steed, and in a moment more the tide had swept beyond us; but the gap between myself and lover was almost closed.

Was it human insight or spiritual recognition?

He turned in his saddle, saw me, and uttered a wild cry.

All that instant, freed for the moment from the pressure of the rein, his wearied horse faltered and staggered from its course, struggled desperately to regain its footing, but in the effort lost it altogether, fell, engulfed by the incoming tide, dragging down his master, and was swept away.

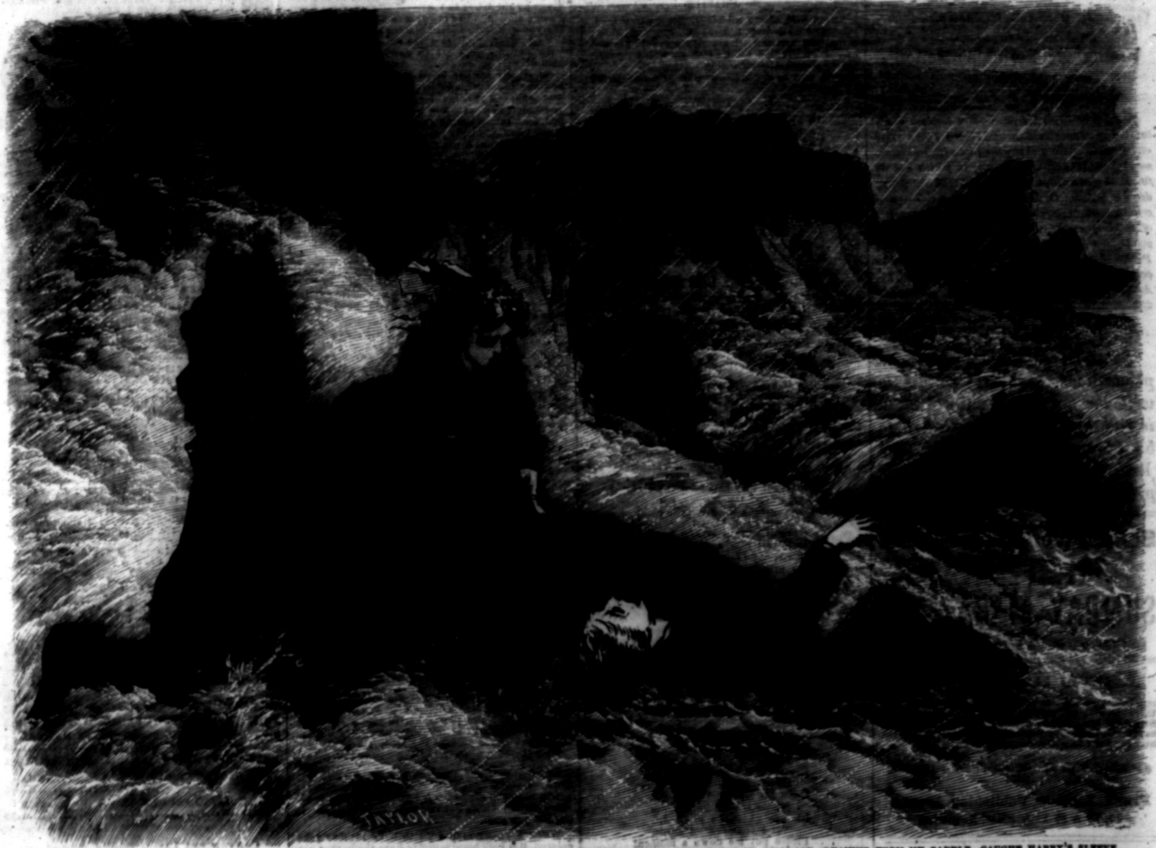
Without slackening rein for an instant in my onward course, I shifted the lines from hand to arm, and, leaning from the saddle, caught Harry's sleeve, as, struggling to rise, he was being swept by me.

My grasp held!

And with a spring, aided not a little, perhaps, by the bounding of my horse, I lifted him to a place beside me.

But the sands had begun to move, and the horse's foot was not tenable an instant. Sink, swim, rise, fall—get forward and onward, with firm rein and steady eye, until at last—heaven be praised!—the solid roadway appeared above the tide, which recoiled like a penitent thing, as if conscious of the life I had staked against it. We were in safety.

Till we reached the Head not a word was spoken between us, but, heart to heart and lip to lip, we rode in silence sacred as the outburst of a thousand voices in hymns of choral thanksgiving and praise.



LIFE AGAINST TIDE.—"WITHOUT SLACKING REIN FOR AN INSTANT IN MY ONWARD COURSE, I SHIFTED THE LINES FROM HAND TO ARM, AND, LEANING FROM MY SADDLE, CAUGHT HARRY'S SLEEVE, AS, STRUGGLING TO RISE, HE WAS BEING SWEPT BY ME."